



The American LEGION

M O N T H L Y

MAY 1935

Volume 12, No. 5



NIGHT *at* KINDERHOOK
By Leonard H. Nason





MANHATTAN COCKTAIL

1 part Italian Vermouth
3 parts Spring Garden Rye
Shake, strain and add Cherry

Manhattan Cocktail

At the fashionable places today, the Manhattan cocktail is again the correct aperitif, just as it was in the days of Martin's, Sherry's and the old Beaux Arts when it was made with authentic Spring Garden Rye. Aging for you through all the slow years in charred white oak barrels, this fine whiskey now comes to you in a mellow blend which has taken on added character and distinction.

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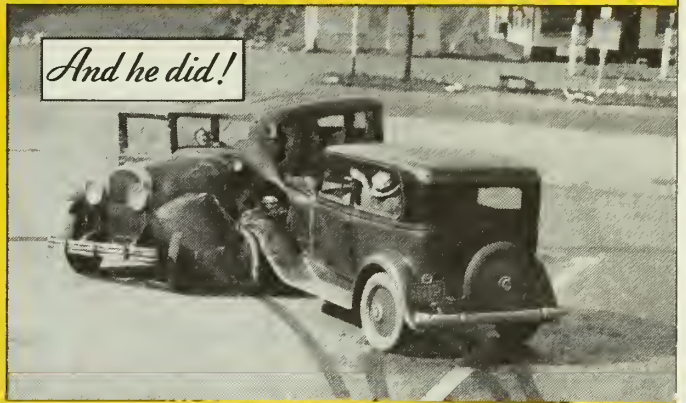
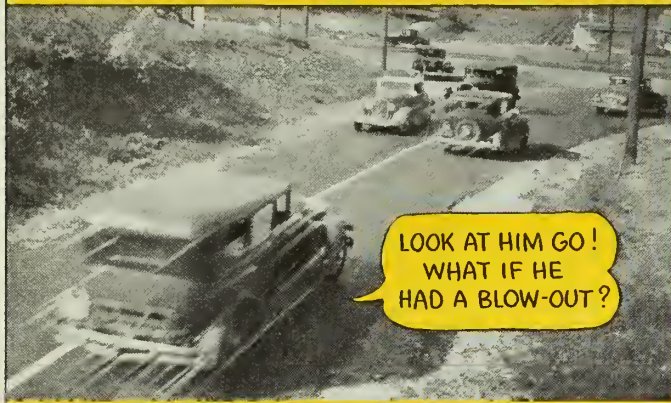


"Mine Host's Handbook," 32 pages of information about the use, traditions, and service of fine spirits, with time-honored recipes. Send 10c to Room 1219, Penn-Maryland Company, Inc., 52 William Street, New York



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WARNING! EVERY YEAR THOUSANDS ARE KILLED OR INJURED WHEN BLOW-OUTS THROW CARS OUT OF CONTROL . . .



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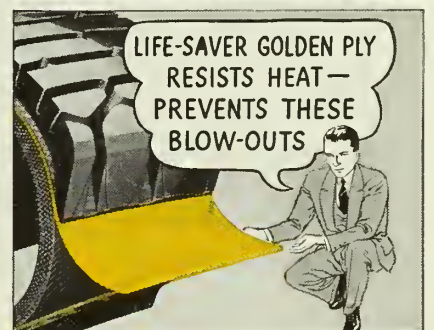
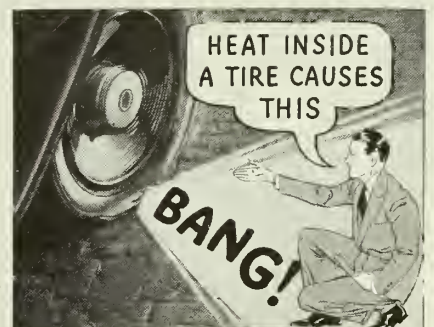
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The **NEW Goodrich Safety Silvertown**
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For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

MAY, 1934

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PLAN NOW TO ATTEND THE MIAMI CONVENTION

NO MATTER how many conventions you have seen you've got some new thrills coming to you if you attend the Sixteenth National Convention of The American Legion at Miami, Florida, October 22d to 25th. In addition to the sea bathing that will be available to conventionnaires for the first time, there will be exceptional opportunities for sports, including the most exciting pastime of deep-sea fishing. Transportation costs and expenses at the convention will be lower than ever, too.

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In reporting change of address (to Indianapolis office) be sure to include the old address as well as the new



THE GOOD

Companion

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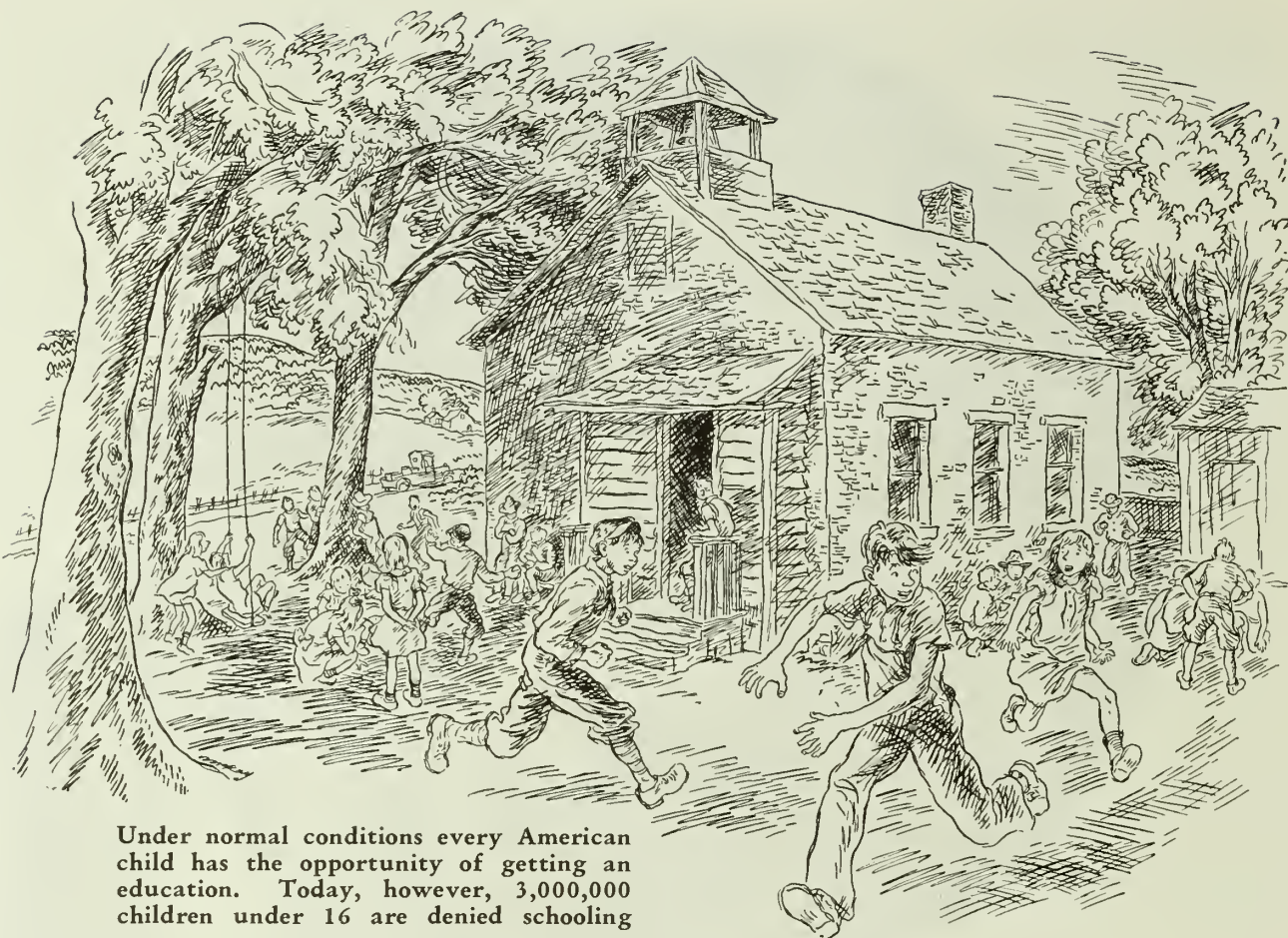
CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORP., Philadelphia

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful.

DIXIE BELLE

DISTILLED DRY

Gin



Under normal conditions every American child has the opportunity of getting an education. Today, however, 3,000,000 children under 16 are denied schooling

SCHOOL DAYS-

by *All too few*

Paul H. Griffith

Drawing by Donald McKay

Chairman, National Americanism Commission, The American Legion

AN INTEREST in the education of the children of the United States is one of the most important considerations of The American Legion, as has been shown by its record of service in communities, States and the nation over the past fifteen years. We are proud of the part we had in inaugurating National Education Week in conjunction with the National Education Association, we are proud of the thousands of awards given annually by our posts for outstanding work in the schools, and we feel that through a score of programs we have initiated and are keeping up even in these hapless days we are encouraging and inspiring the children of America to be worthy of the great heritage that is theirs.

Our conviction that our children and the generations to follow them will make this a continuously better and greater nation is grounded in the fact that under normal conditions every American child has the opportunity of getting an education, and that it is entirely up to the child himself how far his education goes. We have been certain that in no country in the world has the

opportunity for self advancement been greater than in this one.

But five years of economic distress have produced conditions which, as you all know, are far from normal. Food, clothing and shelter for everybody who is not able to secure it for himself is of course the absolute minimum of a community's social service, and the prostration of civic resources has in some instances been so great that even these had to be secured from county or State. In these circumstances the school systems have been the chief sufferers, with such drastic reductions in their budgets that teaching staffs were cut down, terms shortened, classes merged to such an extent that children and teachers were not able to give their best efforts.

Consider the fact that nearly two thousand rural schools in twenty-six States failed to open last fall and that three million children under the age of sixteen have been denied temporarily even the most elementary of schooling. Where schools have remained open their terms have been cut drastically, and in some cases only those who could pay have been allowed to attend. Your own community may have been fortunate enough to carry on with its schools almost as efficiently as before the depression, but there are places in your State, as (Continued on page 52)

Gen. J. G. Harbord
Lowell Thomas
Newton D. Baker
John T. McCutcheon

Unite in Recommending this Book to the Men of America

The Critics Acclaim It!

An absorbing story, a notable contribution to the history and understanding of our times, of what we have been through and still have to face. Remarkable pen-pictures of men and things.—John Palmer Gavit, in *Saturday Review of Literature*.

A fine thoughtful book of battles that may be commended to everyone.—C. G. Poore, in *New York Times*.

A wealth of exciting adventure. Every page is filled with interest such as only a man of Mr. Palmer's rare experience could provide.—*Boston Globe*.

A book of rare entertainment and gripping appeal.—*Ohio State Journal*.

In text and photographs far more engrossing than many a novel. Must be added to the library of source books of history for future generations.—*Buffalo Courier*.

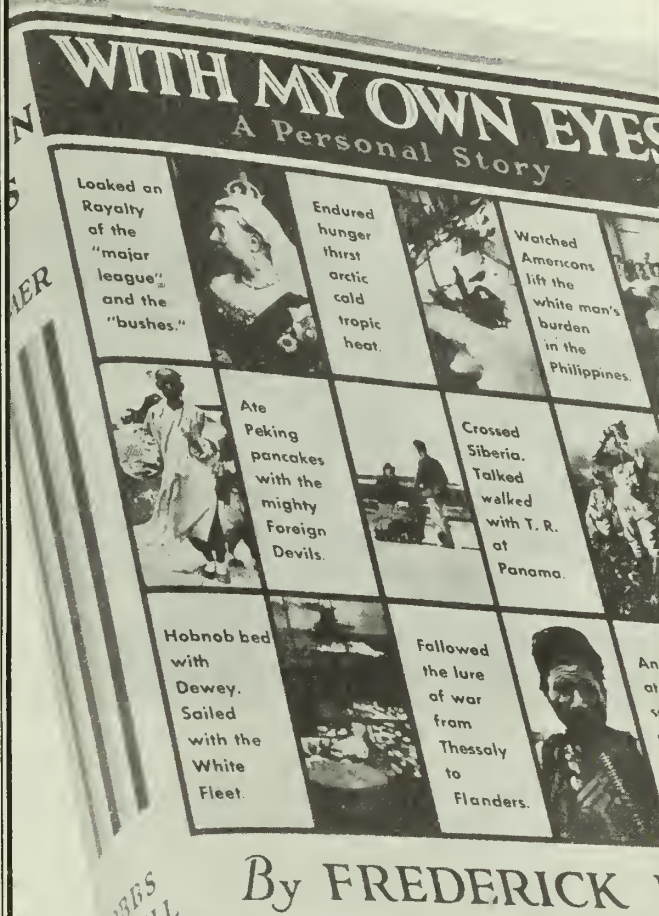
Difficult to lay aside when bedtime comes. Who seeks refreshing reminders of significant happenings in remote corners of the world will find thought provoking revelations in *With My Own Eyes*.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

This greatest of American war correspondents knows war inside and out.—*Christian Century*.



Frederick Palmer

America's most celebrated War Correspondent relates his amazing personal story in
WITH MY OWN EYES



By FREDERICK PALMER

396 pages filled with action and excitement, intimate reminiscence and adventure. Forty-one illustrations. Handsomely bound. Price \$3.50.

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Palmer writes as the Master when he writes of wars. A chronicle of brave deeds. Through this panorama of history a constant procession of great figures appears. One of the best books of our day.

Newton D. Baker:

A real contribution to the biography of great Americans. How amazing it is that one American life sufficed to see and touch so many dramas of the world over so many decades.

Lowell Thomas:

I hope there will be a copy in every home in the land. It is a thrilling eye-witness panorama of the exciting things that have happened in this world in our time.

John T. McCutcheon:

Every man in this country should read this wonderfully revealing story of America's war history, particularly the restrained and sane pages covering the years of the World War.

THROUGH forty years over all the world he was at the strategic place at the critical moment. He saw the great of the earth at the hour of triumph, the women before whom the world bowed. He saw war when it was panoply and pageant and when it was shambles and ashes. He fought censors around the world and in duty became the greatest censor of all.

The history of our times by one who from the ringside saw it in the making, Frederick Palmer, America's Premier Correspondent.

Legion Book Service, 129 East Market Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of *WITH MY OWN EYES*, by Frederick Palmer, Price, \$3.50 per copy. I understand that the book will be sent postage free.

☐ check enclosed ☐ money order enclosed ☐ send C. O. D.

Name.....

Address.....

The THREE R's of WELL-BEING

By Joseph A. Burns



Located on beautiful Tupper Lake, high in the Adirondacks, the Veterans Mountain Camp of the New York Department provides a convalescent home for service men with impaired health. One mile from the convalescent camp is a cottage center where Legionnaires and their families may spend vacations

THE State of New York has wisely set aside a great preserve of two million acres in the heart of the mountains, woods, streams and lakes of the Adirondacks as a playground for her people and for the conservation of her natural resources. Almost in the center of this great preserve stands The American Legion Mountain Camp owned and operated by the Department of New York. In this camp The American Legion is teaching the Three R's—Rest, Relaxation and Recreation.

Everyone recognizes the common sense principle of prevention of sickness or disease. Medical authorities and experts have agreed that if one-half of the money spent for the construction of hospitals for the treatment of disease were expended in the development of preventoriums or convalescent camps the annual cost for the care of the sick would be considerably reduced. It is this principle which The American Legion is following in its work at the Convalescent Camp in the Adirondacks.

Perhaps you have given little thought or attention to the advice of many physicians that everyone should have at least one thorough physical examination each year. If you took the time to go through with this examination perhaps you would get a statement from the doctor such as this:

"Your examination shows nothing serious; no organic disease, but you are run down, fatigued, nervous, out of tone. You are in need of rest, and I would prescribe about four weeks' recuperation, preferably in the mountains. I would recommend some quiet place where you can relax, indulge in a little recreation and

have near at hand proper medical attention for any emergency."

If you were this patient and had an honorable discharge from the armed forces of the United States during the World War you would be in luck, for The American Legion, Department of New York, would accept you for admission to its convalescent camp in the Adirondacks. The only requirement for admission is an honorable discharge. Because of limited funds, however, preference is given, first, to Legionnaires of the Department of New York, second, to veterans residing in the State of New York and third, to veterans of other States.

Situated on Big Tupper Lake, The American Legion Camp has the advantages of altitude and invigorating climate. The peace and quiet of the great forests surrounding the camp are of themselves conducive to rest and relaxation. There are sufficient opportunities for recreation to permit activities of body and mind, thus preventing dullness and monotony.

Established in 1922 as a sanitarium for honorably discharged World War veterans, the Mountain Camp of the Department of New York served as a tubercular sanitarium for three and one-half years caring for veterans who had developed pulmonary and respiratory disabilities after their discharge from service. More than three hundred veterans were admitted for treatment between 1922 and the fall of 1925. Many of these former patients were completely restored to health. Opening at a period in the history of veteran rehabilitation when beds in government and other institutions were at a premium and when many disabled veterans could not secure admission to (Continued on page 44)

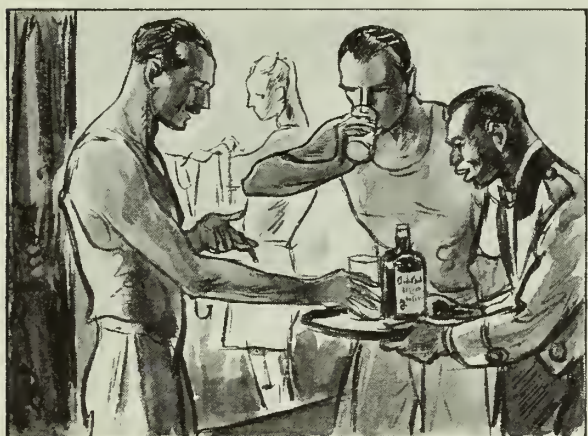
No artificial aging— but straight Kentucky whiskey



Now that's what I call good whiskey. You can't beat real straight Kentucky Bourbon liquor if you can afford to pay the price.



That's Crab Orchard, and it isn't nearly as expensive as you think. These people have a policy of holding the price down.



Believe me, I'm going to lay in a case right now. That's the news I've been waiting for.



Crab Orchard sells at a very low price for such fine quality straight Kentucky whiskey. It's matured in the wood and bottled right from the barrel. No synthetic aging and no artificial coloring matter added.

Crab Orchard

**STRAIGHT
KENTUCKY
WHISKEY**

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ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES

The American Medicinal Spirits Company, Inc.
Louisville, Ky. Chicago New York San Francisco

STRAIGHT AS A STRING



IT TAKES

★ Old-fashioned whiskey

TO MAKE OLD-FASHIONED COCKTAILS!



IF there's any mixed drink that shows up the quality and taste of a whiskey, it's an Old-Fashioned Cocktail.

Make your next Old-Fashioned with Paul Jones or Four Roses—and smack your lips over the finest cocktail you ever tasted!

For here are whiskeys with the same smooth body and the same old-fashioned mellow flavor that made them such favorites of connoisseurs in the old days. Paul Jones



has been famous since 1865. Four Roses is almost as old, and equally well-known.

These whiskeys are made by Frankfort Distilleries, America's largest independent distilling organization, which operated under government sanction even during prohibition.

These whiskeys are bottled only in full measure packages. They come sealed in the patented Frankfort Pack—a

tin-top-and-bottom carton that makes tampering impossible.

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Four other famous Frankfort whiskeys

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MATTINGLY & MOORE

OLD OSCAR PEPPER

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PAUL JONES ★ FOUR ROSES

MADE BY FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INCORPORATED

LOUISVILLE ★ ★ ★ BALTIMORE



K / Night at INDERHOOK

QUITE As Much a Souvenir Hound As His Remote Descendant of 1918 Turned Out to Be, the American Soldier of the Revolution Here Carries On to Such an Extent that Lieutenant John André of His Majesty's Service Is Moved to Protest

*By
Leonard
H. Nason*

THE winter sunset glowed through the trees across the frozen Hudson, flamed red, purple, then in a final puff went out, and the winter night shut down upon the village of Kinderhook. A great owl, as the last ray of light died, hooted mournfully, and the sound echoed ghostly across the frozen fields.

In the village, however, there were a number of fires already kindled, their flames leaping in reflection on the house fronts. A long line of sledges lined one side of the road, oxen lowed from the barns, men passed and repassed, singing, laughing, calling to each other gaily.

Before a commodious, sprawling barn about half way down the street, three men had swept the snow from the ground and had built a log fire, about which they were sitting, one man smoking a pipe, the others reading by the firelight. The flames, rising and falling, glittered on a line of steel against the barn door, where there was a row of flintlocks.

Despite the fact the flintlocks were of military pattern, and the belts and pouches piled below them bore the G. R. and crown of His Britannic Majesty's forces, the men about the fire wore no uniform, except that on their large hats was a red rosette, with a brass button in the center, on which the figures 1638 might be made out when the light of the fire happened to fall that way.



"Lieutenant André! Lieutenant André!" he called, and fell down

Oh, I be a son, sir, a Son of Liberty,
Ready for a frolic, and spry as I can be!
I've powder in my horn, sir, a gun as you can see,
For to drive the British Regular to home across the sea!

The singer refolded the newspaper he was reading, and pitched his voice for the second verse, then ended with a kind of squawk.

"Deacon!" he gasped. "Hey, Abijah, listen! Look what's in the *Gazette*! Listen now, I'll read. 'Mrs. Hannah Newell, of Brattle Street, has very kindly communicated to us a letter she has received from her nephew, Amaziah Foss, formerly of the Independent Company of Cadets, now a corporal with the Regiment of Artillery on the expedition to Ticonderoga. We take great delight and pleasure in reproducing this letter.'"

"Hah!" interrupted the man addressed as Deacon. "You don't need to read it. I know what it says. I heard about it in this letter of mine!"

"Well, let me read it anyway. Not all of it. He just tells about our going out, and how cold it was nights, and so on. Then he comes to Thanksgiving Day—well, just listen, now, just listen to this! 'The day was warm, and pleasant, the Lake before Fort George not even frozen. In the afternoon some Irokwaw Indians came to our camp from a band that is at Ticonderoga, and some of the men having cyder and shrub, befuddled these poor savages with it, and themselves, too, and danced the war dance, and made merry, with such success, that by evenfall I was the only man in camp that was not drunk. Be sure that I did not take part in the revels, but went away down the lakeside, and thought of home, and read the book you had given me, and tried to shut the sound of unholy singing from my ears.' Now! How's that?"

"Why, he was as full as the harvest moon!" shouted Abijah wrathfully. "I helped to tie him in his blankets, so that he wouldn't throw them off and freeze to death in the night!"

"What did you say, Deacon?" asked the reader. "Did you say you'd heard about it in your letter?"

"Yes. My mother wrote that there was gossip has suddenly sprung up that we was just a-roistering, and not bringing any cannon at all, and that we'd been gone two months on a journey that hadn't ought to take two weeks, and was it true that we had defiled the Day of Thanksgiving by riot and debauchery! So he writ home about it! Now why does a man have to do a thing like that?"

"Let's go ask him!" suggested Abijah, getting vigorously to his feet. "Let's make him deny it if he dares! What do you say, Perley?"

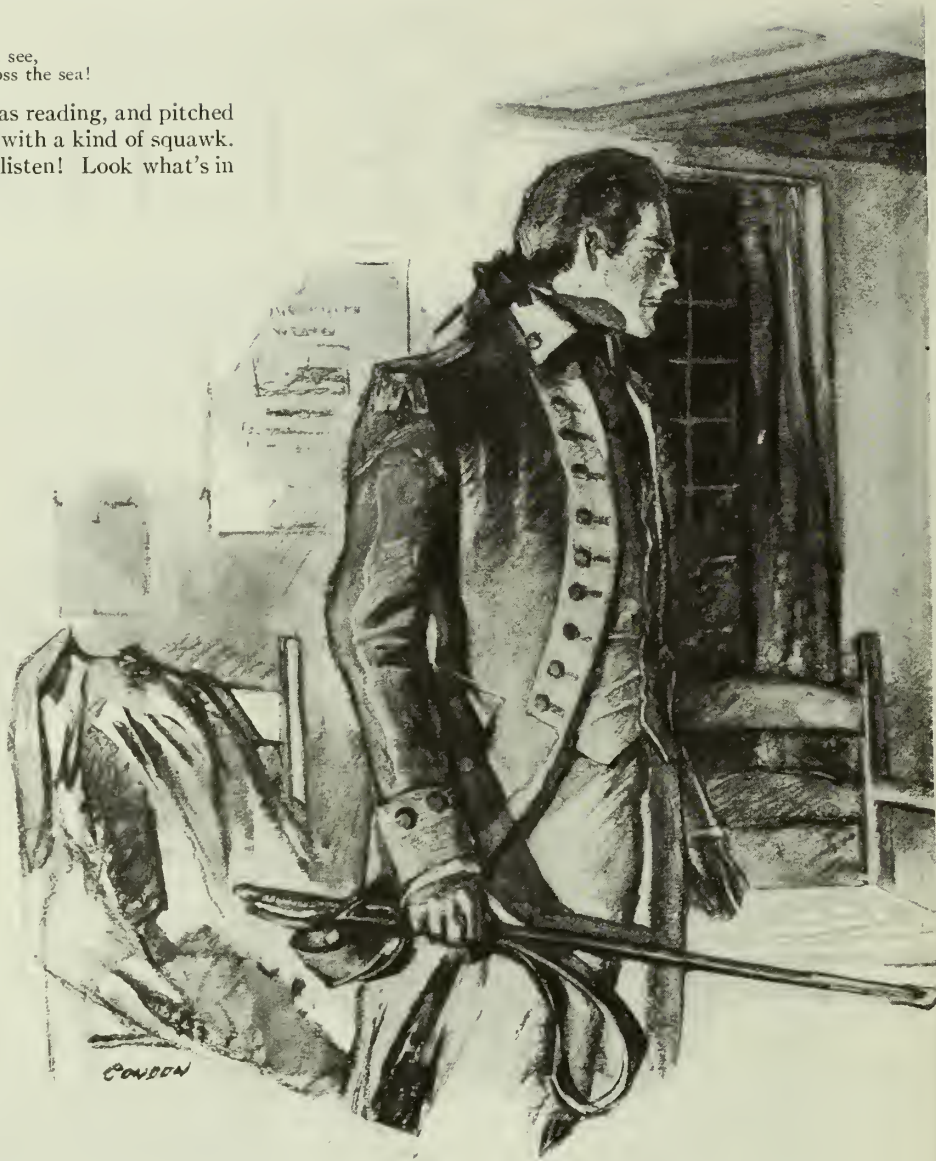
"Well, I don't know," remarked Perley, stirring the fire. "He can't very well deny it, because we did have a kind of a dance, but we weren't drunk! That is—"

"He had no business to write home about it if we were!" snapped Abijah. "Especially and say—"

"Tenshun!" interrupted the Deacon.

The three men leaped to their feet. A tall young man of twenty-five or so, wrapped in a cloak, from beneath which a sword peeped, entered the circle of firelight. He had a round, firm face, dark eyes, and the strong features that mark ability to command.

"Deacon Dow! Perley Dyer! Abijah Sherman!" said he crisply, as though he called a roll. "Three sergeants of the Regiment of



The three held a fourth man dressed in a red coat with buff facings

Artillery! Did I or did I not give the order that no one was to billet further away than the tenth house from the tavern?"

"Yes, Colonel!" answered the three.

"Then why do you allow those men to billet across the creek?" The newcomer pointed across the fields, where, beyond a fringe of trees, campfires could be seen winking.

"Sir!" said the Deacon. "Those aren't our men! That's a column of British prisoners. We seen some of 'em, sir, at the creek, when we was drawin' water. I heard tell that the courier that brought us our mail passed 'em on the road out from Great Barrington!"

"Why, they must be behind on their march!" exclaimed the man in the cloak. "I was told they were to be tonight at Hudson, down river from us by a good ways. Well, since they're here, there's nothing to be done. Pass the word to the men to stay away from there! I won't have any meddling with them! Poor devils, their lot is hard enough! No one is to go near them, d'ye hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"The men been fed, stock bedded down? Any sore backs among the horses?"

"We just been readin' our letters from home, sir," explained the Deacon, "and then we was goin' to make our inspection."

"Well, see that you don't let it go too long! That's all! We'll move at daybreak for Great Barrington."

The colonel returned the three sergeants' salutes, and stalked away.

*Illustrations by
Grattan Condon*



"Well, that kind of ruins that project!" exclaimed Perley after a short silence.

"It wouldn't have done any good, anyway," remarked Abijah. "That Britisher said he wouldn't sell that cap for less than five shillings, and we haven't got any money."

"I know," protested the Deacon, "but if we could get over there, I bet we'd find a man would swap one with us. For a knife, or some bacon, or terbaccer. You get me there, I'll lay to get a hat!"

"Well, the colonel said not to go, so we won't go," said Perley. "I don't want to lose my stripes, and have to explain that as well as Thanksgiving Day when I get home."

"One of those grenadier hats would look nice in Boston," mused the Deacon, putting more wood on the fire. "Some of the fellars at Ticonderogy had 'em. We been gone most two months, and once these cannon are set up on Dorchester Heights what will we have to show for two months freezin' to death? But if he said we can't go, why we can't go, and that's all there is about it."

"I'll tell you something we can do," said Perley resolutely, folding up the newspaper carefully. "We can go down and talk to this man Foss."

"And tell him the order," said Abijah, darkly, "not to go near the prisoners."

Meanwhile the young colonel went some distance down the rutted road to a low rambling wooden house that bore the sign "Abraham Van Buren, Bait and Board. Albany and Boston Coach." He turned into this house, and stamping the snow from his feet on the threshold, entered. Within was one great room, unlighted save by the firelight which danced on wall, table and

high-backed settle, and which dimly revealed two signs upon the wall: "Lodging with Clean Sheets, 1 shilling. Lodging with Dirty Sheets, 6 pence," and "Best quality Cyder. Also Madeira, by the sloop *Hawkeye* direct from the Island."

"Landlord!" shouted the colonel, hanging up his cloak and unbuckling his sword.

"Sir?" asked the landlord, entering from the back of the house, where, judging from the pleasant smells, must be the kitchen.

"What do you suppose I could have for supper?"

The landlord rubbed his hand reflectively and looked down at the fire.

"Well, Colonel," said he slowly, and speaking with a burr to his speech that was barely distinguishable, "we don't have many travelers this time of year. And the town all full of your men, too. But now I got a nice fowl, and some bacon, and a pudding maybe afterwards?"

"All right," said the colonel idly, "as long as it's well cooked. I don't like stringy hens! If you bring me a stringy hen, I'll get my horse and ride back to the Quackenbosch! Well, let it be soon! And meanwhile bring me a candle here by the fire!"

"Yes, sir," bowed the landlord, and hurried out.

The candle was brought, and the young colonel, sitting down, stretched his legs toward the fire. With a smile of anticipation he unsealed a letter he had drawn from his pocket, and settled himself to read. Hardly had he begun, however, when the inn

door burst open, letting in a rush of cold air, and someone strode heavily across the room toward the fireplace. The colonel looked up, then thrust his chair around so that he might see better.

A young man had entered the room and had come into the circle of light from the fire. The rosy light outlined the sharp angles of his handsome countenance, the proud tilt of his chin, and deepened the lines that made his somewhat boyish face worn and haggard. It reflected from his red coat, with its gorgeous trimmings of blue overlaid with white strappings, and the buttons of the lace cuff that ran from wrist to elbow flashed like jewels.

For one frightful instant the colonel's blood thrilled to his heart, then he noticed that the other man, though obviously a

"Forgive me," said the lieutenant, after an embarrassing pause, "if I again ask you if you are really the colonel commanding?"

"I am!" replied Knox coldly. "And you had best believe me, for you will find no one else to listen to you if you have anything to say."

"My apologies," bowed the lieutenant. "It is unusual for me to find a colonel so young. In His Majesty's Army at least thirty years' service is necessary before an officer arrives at that rank!"

"Such a rule in the Continental Army," said Knox drily, "would be quite difficult to follow."

Try as he would, it was impossible for Lieutenant André not to smile.



They leaped to their feet as a tall young cloak entered the

British regular officer, wore neither epaulettes, gorget, nor sash, and thus his magnificence stopped at the waist, for his dark blue smalls and gaiters were torn and mudstained.

"My good fellow," began the British officer haughtily, "I was told that the commander of the American detachment was in the inn. Can you tell me if he is about?"

"I can. I am he."

"You? But I was told he was a colonel!"

"I am Colonel Henry Knox, of the Regiment of Artillery of the Continental Army. In what way can I be of service to you?"

"Lieutenant John André, of His Majesty's 7th, or Royal Fusiliers," acknowledged the British officer, bowing slightly.

"Won't you sit down, Lieutenant?" asked Colonel Knox. "Draw up a chair, and have something hot."

"Later, thank you," said Lieutenant André. He coughed, and seemed most ill at ease; the proud, haughty manner in which he had entered and first addressed the colonel seemed to be rapidly disappearing.

"Quite true, Colonel, quite true," he agreed. "And you get on, it seems, jolly well without it."

"Now will you sit down?" invited Colonel Knox again. He smiled in his own turn. "Yes, for an army not yet a year old, we get on quite well."

The young British officer drew up a chair and turned his feet to the fire. But the smile was gone, and his handsome face grew dark.

"Initial success, and against inferior numbers," said André, "is not evidence of superior military worth. The degree of instruction in an army is shown by many other things. I refer to the treatment of prisoners of war particularly. I am, of course you know, with the convoy of prisoners. Our brigade, my regiment and the 26th, formed the garrison of the defenses of the Sorel, and were, by the fortunes of war, taken at Fort St. John. The stipulation was that the garrison should have the honors of

war, and the officers retain their side-arms and baggage. This agreement, on the part of the Americans, was not kept. Our baggage was plundered, my epaulettes, sword, sash and gorget fell to the lot of some great hulking plowboy, and at Montreal there was a near mutiny among your troops because the commanding general would not allow them to take the uniforms off my men's backs."

"Ah!" commented Knox, while the other paused, and appeared to be struggling for composure before going on.

"We have come down," went on André at last, "through Rutland and Bennington, the officers to go to Connecticut, the men to Pennsylvania. Judging from past events what their treat-

which we all belonged, was founded in 1638, twenty years before!"

"Ah, yes," said André coolly, "*that* regiment! When I was in Boston on my way to Quebec, the Ancient and Honorable was forbidden to enter the Common for their field day, but they went away to Copps Hill, which I believe they own, and there got themselves drunk at their leisure."

"There is no drinking in this detachment!" barked the colonel, waving his arms as though he brushed such an accusation aside. "Why, I had an orphan nephew confided to me by his aunt! A corporal, a former member of the Independent Company of Cadets, that receive none into their ranks that cannot show descent from sixteen quarterings. She enjoined me strictly that



man of twenty-five or so wrapped in a circle of firelight

ment was likely to be, the officers refused to leave the men, with the result that we have all turned westward to the Hudson, and are to share our captivity together. I think this is well, for the first night off the Connecticut road our poor lads have met with American troops, I fear to their present sorrow. It was for this reason, sir, I sought you out. I have come to you, Colonel, on behalf of my men, to ask for protection against being plundered to the very bone."

"Why, my men won't plunder you!" exclaimed Colonel Knox quickly. "We are not thieves. This detachment I have here is composed entirely of men of family. Moreover, though un-uniformed, they are not untrained. They are imbued with the tradition of a regiment older than yours."

"Than mine!" cried André. "Why, the Royal Fusileers was established in 1658!"

"The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, to

his morals were not to be impaired. I have another man, a sergeant, who is a deacon of the church at twenty-four. Does that look like men that would rob prisoners of war?"

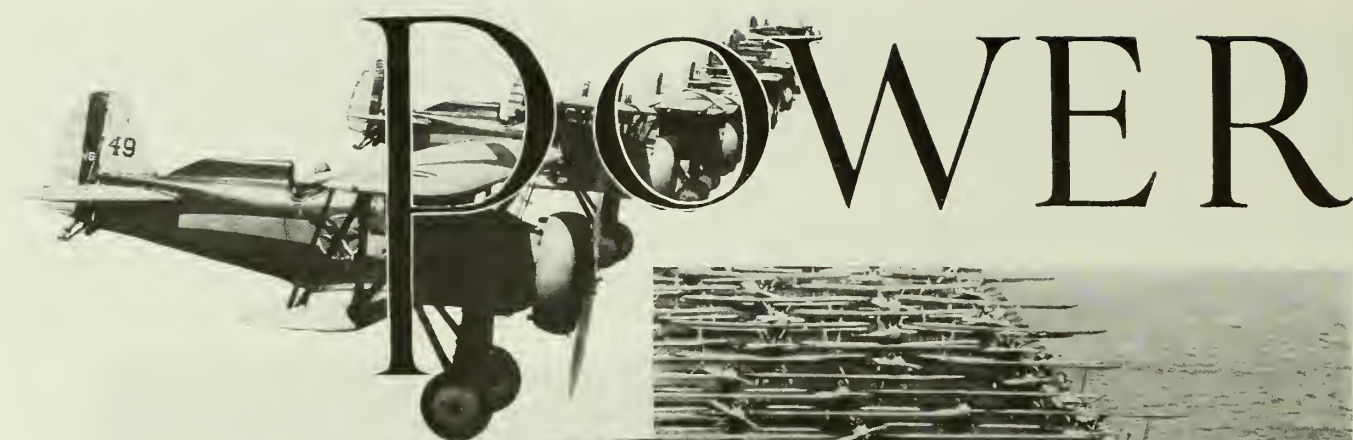
"They do not rob for the pleasure of robbing," replied Lieutenant André, "but there seems to be inculcated in the American a mad desire to have some visible token of victory, as a savage takes scalps. My gorget, for instance. Again, the hats of my grenadier company are very gorgeous. They have the badge of the regiment on the front, a star, garter and thistle, with the white horse upon blue across the brow, the whole very fine. There aren't two left in the regiment. The buttons—"

"Caps, buttons, gorgets and persons are safe from my detachment!" snapped Colonel Knox. "I have given orders that your men will not be molested. Those orders will be obeyed, and you may rest assured of it."

There was a sudden rush of feet without. The door burst open, and a man stumbled into the room.

"Lieutenant André!" he cried.

(Continued on page 40)



AIR forces are no longer the unwanted stepchildren of armies and navies among the world powers. Air power stands today as a major factor in weighing the forces whose delicate balance insures peace or—when proper balance is lacking—opens the way for war. The airplane more than any other arm has injected revolutionary changes into tactical theories for the effective employment of armies on the ground and navies at sea; yet no branch of the services has so meagre experience on which to predict with accuracy the extent to which air power will influence future wars or the manner in which it will be most effectively employed.

Have the potentialities of the airplane been over-rated? The World War produced glamorous stories of air knights in single-handed encounters ranking with the chivalric exploits of the armored knights of old, swift pursuit planes replacing equine steeds of the past. The warlore of the air, projected into fantastic predictions of future air attacks which will destroy cities and kill millions of non-combatants, has led to loose talk about the obsolescence of floating navies and of earthbound armies. The swift advances in aircraft engineering during the past few years, coupled with a broader conception of employment and performance of aviation in national defense, have led to widely varying opinions relative to doctrines, strength, distribution, organization and utilization of air forces.

Military strategists have swung from a frankly skeptical attitude toward the airplane as a war machine to one of zealous investigation of its newly recognized potentialities. As a result, the major world powers are concentrating from one-eighth to one-fifth of their peace-time defense budgets on the building of air forces. The current session of Congress has witnessed a belated move of the United States toward an adequate air arm for operation with the Navy at sea, with the Army on land, and in its own province of the skies. The new aircraft construction programs proposed for the Army and Navy open the way for the first real opportunity to test the capabilities of the modern airplane in peace-time tactical problems.

The General Staff of the Army has recommended the establishment of a new "G.H.Q. Air Force," a homogeneous striking unit of



Wasp-powered Vought Corsairs lined up on the flight deck of the airplane carrier Saratoga

ALOFT

By William
E. Berchtold

Uncle Sam's Air Force Is
Growing, But It's Still
Far From Being Adequate

900 to 1,000 combat airplanes ready for service in any theater of action in the air, by land or sea. This force would be at the direct disposal of the commander-in-chief of the armies to send against any target, either in conjunction with land forces, with naval forces, or at times on distant distinctly air missions. The General Headquarters Air Force would supplement the present Army Air Corps plan for the employment of observation units attached to the field armies, corps and divisions; the bombardment and attack squadrons necessary for co-operation with ground forces against the enemy along the battle front; and the pursuit squadrons required for protection of bombardment, attack and observation missions and the neutralization of enemy pursuit. The Five-Year Aircraft Program authorized by Congress in 1926 provided for 1,800 serviceable airplanes, but the failure of succeeding Congresses to appropriate funds has kept the Air Corps from fulfilling the program in seven years. The new program will give the Army Air Corps about 3,000 airplanes at the end of the next five years, *if* Congress appropriates sufficient funds from year to year to fulfill the plan.

The Navy's air component would be increased from 1,000 to 2,184 airplanes under the proposal to build the Navy up to treaty limitations. Naval aircraft must ride on the backs of the fleet, which obviates the necessity for building new aircraft carriers, flying-deck cruisers or capital ships equipped with catapults. The Navy at present is below the 1,000-plane strength authorized under the Five-Year Aircraft Program of 1926, due chiefly to the building of 15 cruisers, the aircraft carrier *Ranger*, and the airship *Macon* without Congressional authorization of appropriations for the 212 airplanes necessary to equip these ships. The Navy's air deficiencies are certain to become more acute with the completion of seven new cruisers during 1934.

The new aircraft programs of the Army and Navy would give the United States a force of 5,000 airplanes by 1940. How will this compare with the other powers? It is impossible to make an accurate comparison because it is not known what France, Great Britain, Italy, Russia and Japan may do in the meantime. Based on the rate at which the other nations are now building up their air forces, it is a fair guess that the United States will be several notches removed from first place in relative air strength if it is not trailing all of the major powers. Is such an air establishment adequate for our defense needs? The best answer lies in an analysis of the factors which must be considered in determining what may constitute an "adequate defense."



Here's the Army's newest
observation plane—the
Douglas O-43, with Curtiss
Conqueror engine.



One of Uncle Sam's newest and best types
of fighting planes, the Curtiss Sparrowhawk,
powered with Wright Whirlwind engine.
Note the hook at the top by which it catches
on to a dirigible

While the airplane is new and has no prototype among weapons of the past, the problem of practical preparedness is not obscure. In quality our personnel and equipment must be equal to the best in the world; in quantity prudence demands that we maintain sufficient amounts that would, under any circumstances, permit combat under reasonably favorable terms. Vulnerability of the United States to air attack is less than that of a country having a powerful enemy at its gates or having a restricted territorial area. Comparative isolation and dispersion of industrial centers are factors at work in our favor. However, our large and vital centers along the coast line are to our disadvantage.

New York, for example, would provide a ready target for a surprise attack from the air by an enemy force brought within striking distance of our shores on the backs of enemy aircraft carriers. The most effective defense against attacking airplanes is other airplanes. If the enemy air force should strike quickly before an adequate defensive force could be put into the air, the city might be quickly thrown into a submissive mood. Sunday supplements to the contrary, such an enemy air force would not be likely to direct its limited cargo of precious bombs against skyscrapers in the heart of the city, but would concentrate on crippling the water supply, destroying transportation arteries necessary for the (Continued on page 46)

★ *The National Commander Says —*

“TO UPHOLD *and* DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION”

WE ARE living through days of disillusionment, and the current history of the world proclaims the fact that a good many of us lack the stamina to stand the gaff.

Fifteen years ago this time the statesmen were gathered at Versailles to perpetuate and safeguard in treaty form the fruits of victory in the war that was to end war, the war that was to make the world safe for democracy. What has happened since that treaty? Notwithstanding its provisions, democracy has been overthrown from the Baltic to the Adriatic. Instead of wounds being healed, salt has been rubbed into them, and today we find nations arming as feverishly as they armed during the decade before 1914.

In Europe and in the Orient people no longer say *if* we should have war but *when* we shall have it.

The American delegation at Versailles fought against the things that have brought this about. One of Mr. Wilson's closest personal and official advisors argued against the drastic nature of the terms to the Central Powers. “Morally you are justified,” said he, “but, gentlemen, is it a good business proposition?” Certain Allied statesmen were very discourteous to this outspoken American. They circulated the rumor that he was pro-German, although his forebears fought in the American Revolution. Backs were turned on him in some of the Paris salons. The name of democracy was profaned at that peace conference, the fine idealism that had led America's sons into the war to save the Allies from defeat was termed hypocrisy. The voices of liberalism and true rationality were voices crying in the wilderness.

Result: Italy was the first to throw off the mask and abandon even lip-service to democracy. The Fascist coup was accomplished by veterans under the leadership of Benito Mussolini, who had served on the front as a corporal. One by one the hallmarks of democracy have gone down before the dictator—a free press, free speech, parliamentary government. Like the Grand Monarque, Signor Mussolini can say, “I am the State.”

Certainly our comrades in arms in Italy have every right to their own form of government. We do not deny their right to change from democracy to Fascism. But, *our* comrades died to make the world safe for *democracy*. The Legion agrees to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of democracy. We must either uphold democracy or admit hypocrisy by denying our own Legion constitution.

Next to fall was the German Republic. Although we may deprecate the publicized intolerance of the Nazis, there seems to be a disposition among Americans to shrug their shoulders and say, “Oh, well. Those Germans are not made for democracy. Kaisers and petty princes had them goose-stepping and walking the chalk-line for so many generations that they never acquired the knack of self-government and have no talent for it. Democratic ideals are all very well for people capable of living under them, but I guess the Germans need a kaiser, by one name or another, to tell them what to do.”

Is this sound reasoning? In the United States I believe that we have more citizens of German blood than any other one strain save that of the British Isles. And after one generation they make as good Americans as the signers of the Declaration of Independence. They are among our best citizens. Not even in our boss-ruled cities do we often find people of German blood in the entourages of the corrupt political racketeers. So we must put

LaHaye

Herr Hitler's astonishing rise to power down to some other cause than merely the alleged inherent incapacity of the Teutonic race to make a go of democracy. On whose shoulders did this dictator rise to power? He rose on the shoulders of the Germans who had fought in 1914-18 and the German youth grown to maturity since the war and taking their pattern of conduct from those whom they regarded as the nation's heroes.

In Austria the flowers have scarcely withered on the graves of those who fell in a brief civil war in which the forces of democracy made a brief but futile stand. In France, following a financial scandal involving persons highly placed in the government, the Republic is in active peril. In a desperate effort to arouse the patriotism of the people, Marshal Pétain was called to the post of Minister of War in a hastily-formed government. A parallel in America would be a state of affairs wherein President Roosevelt would find it necessary to summon General Pershing into his Cabinet to prevent World War veterans and the youth of our land who hold them in esteem from attempting to overthrow our Government by force.

All this, fifteen years after Versailles, where the ills oppressing a sorely-tried world were to be cured for good and all.

While the statesmen were foregathering at Versailles there met, at St. Louis, U. S. A., a gathering of American veterans to forge a link in the chain of events that brought into being The American Legion. There they drafted a document which has proved of more service to democracy than the celebrated Treaty. That document is the Constitution of the Legion, whose preamble says: “For God and country we associate ourselves together . . . to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America.”

The Legion was not the first, and in 1919 it was not the largest

“ANY move to change from a democracy now or at any other time is a direct blow at the very foundation of The American Legion. And it is the Legion today that is the one effective cross section of the American people.”

organization of American veterans in the field. While The American Legion was being formed, a society called World War Veterans claimed a half-million members and that society took the position that there were many things wrong in the world—which was true—and that they should be corrected by direct action irrespective of the limitations imposed by the United States Constitution—which, of course, would have been a blow at democracy.

Well, the World War Veterans faded from the picture and the



Cartoon by
John Cassel

Standing squarely
behind the charter
of our liberties

Legion prospered. Its success was due largely to the sagacity of its early leaders, one of whom, Franklin D'Olier, gave the clearest definition of the Legion I know. He called it "the best insurance policy a country ever had."

Through fifteen years, each with its peculiar problems, the Legion has been so much ballast in the ship of state while their fellow-vet-

erans on the Continent have been scuttling the craft of democracy.

In the United States of America the returned veteran took off his uniform, assisted a million comrades to get work, rolled up his sleeves and, confident in the guarantee of individualism, personal effort, freedom of thought and effort, undertook as an organization, the systematic, alert and continuous (Continued on page 56)

COME SOUTH, *Young Man*

By Tyler H. Bliss

IT'S something in the climate, no doubt—since everything around here is traceable back to the climate sooner or later—that makes so many people regard themselves as original discoverers when they get their first glimpse of Miami.

I know it was that way with me, and my only excuse for the personal introduction is that I find it typical of the attitude of transplanted outlanders from the majority of the forty-eight

States with whom I have talked since I became established here.

We were cruising down to Spanish Honduras at the time, and I, waiting for the first breakfast bell, had been keeping an intermittent watch on the low-lying Florida coast line and the progress of the sun. For mile after mile the coast line duplicated itself—just a beach here and there, a village here and there, with a distant fringe of dark green palms and pines to set it off against the blue of the sea. All very soothing, and unusual to a Northerner's eye, but nothing to get really excited about.

And then suddenly some wizard waved his wand and the scene changed. I had risen to my elbow for a last look at the sand dunes and the rank growth when I found a fair white city framed as if by magic through my porthole. (The local sobriquet for Miami is "The Magic City," and I like to think of it as something more than a chamber of commerce slogan. For it is a magic city when you are introduced to it with a background of sea and sky.)

And so abysmally deep was the ignorance of this insular New Englander that he even had to ask one of the ship's officers for the identity of the place. "It's Miami," I told my wife later. "It looks like a swell town. I wish we could make a flying trip here some time." Two months later we had the opportunity to make the flying trip, and after a year or so we stopped fighting against the lure, and got our stuff out of storage up North, and here we have been ever since. That, in brief, is the sort of town Miami is.

Comparatively speaking, for you conventioners who have

Here's one place where surf bathing in February is just as comfortable as it is at Newport or Coney Island in August—at Miami Beach, with its fifteen miles of golden sand





Miami is a thoroughly modern city set in wide, palm-lined boulevards. It takes a good deal more than that to make a successful convention, but what it takes Miami's got. Here's Biscayne Boulevard, where you'll be sure to find Elmer if he gets to the big doings

visited Boston and New Orleans and Chicago and the other old timers among municipalities, Miami has no history. It is the most youthful of the cities, proving-ground for the spirit and exemplification of the New Deal.

For a century ago all Florida had lately seen the red and gold of Spain descend for the Star-Spangled Banner. A century ago found Osceola and his Seminoles in active and bloody hostilities in a war that lasted more than four years—and there are still a few

“WHEREVER you delegates and visitors to the Legion's Sixteenth National Convention hail from,” says this transplanted New Englander, “you're likely to find a former next-door neighbor doing business around the corner.” The place is Miami, and the dates October 22d to 25th

hundred Indians in the extreme southern tip of the State who are still theoretically at war with the United States, in that they have never signed any treaty.

A century ago what is now metropolitan Miami was nothing more than a tangled morass of semi-tropical jungle, populated only by the native Seminole tribes, that ran straight down to the sea. And for years afterward there was little perceptible change.

In 1840, one Dr. Henry Perrine landed with his family, friends and servants to conduct experimental work in plant life on Indian Key. The natives, inflamed by liquor provided them generously by some misguided or ill-meaning settlers in the Everglades, attacked the party, and all were slaughtered with the exception of the doctor's family, who hid themselves in a turtle pen partly filled with water and who eventually escaped. The story they told the authorities led to the erection of Fort Dallas, a small stone structure, and it was as Fort Dallas that Miami was known until the last four years of the nineteenth century.

Even when the whites started to filter through in any numbers, a self-respecting (and self-preserving) settler had to be careful with whom he associated. The Florida wilderness offered ideal hiding grounds for escaped criminals, who knew that there they were safe from interference.

Then came the War between the States—for “Civil” War is taboo here—and the years following it brought down the worst element of the carpetbaggers, who came to prey on reds, blacks and whites with a truly sublime liberality of view toward the color line. But perhaps the most feared were a group of ambitious gentry—“pirates” they are called in the local legends—who had a pleasant habit of setting fires along the coast to waylay lost navigators, looting the wrecks and murdering the crews. The red menace had abated somewhat, but the white one increased.

The first sheriff of Dade County (Miami and environs) was W. M. Mettair, who served in the 70's and who bears those lawless days in vivid memory.

“Those were the days you must take a man with a gun if he didn't take you,” says Mr. Mettair. “The bad ones were bad. Some of the ones I knew had killed as (Continued on page 48)”

DRAMA *on* CAPITOL HILL

By John Thomas Taylor

Vice-Chairman, National Legislative Committee, The American Legion

THERE occurred at the end of this last March in the Capitol at Washington one of those dramatic surprises which come only at intervals of years in the Senate and the House of Representatives. I might call it the drama of three days, except that it was only the final act of a drama which lasted three months. On March 26th, 27th and 28th The American Legion's plans for the enactment of its Four Point Program for the disabled service man held the front and center of the stage in Congress, and at 7 P. M. on March 28th this program—embracing three of the four original points—became law under circumstances which were charged with suspense and excitement. This culmination of three months of Legion effort came when the Senate passed over the veto by a vote of 63 to 27 the Independent Offices Appropriation Bill which embodied the Legion's program.

With nine votes to spare, the Senate registered the two-thirds majority necessary to over-ride the veto. It took this action after six hours of continuous debate in which spokesmen for the Administration pleaded from the floor for their colleagues to support the veto and while tremendous efforts were being made in the anterooms and at members' desks to muster the votes which would have defeated the Legion's measure.

Rarely in the last year has debate been so impassioned, so earnest, upon so high a plane. It was as if every Senator realized that momentous history was being made, realized that the impending action represented a decision which would vitally affect every future proposal for the benefit of veterans, realized that Congress was about to establish the principle of whether or not changes in veterans' legislation could be accomplished only through the issuance of orders and regulations. By its decision, the Senate reasserted its authority in veterans' affairs and declined to surrender its responsibility of giving justice to veterans.

The House of Representatives had registered its own decision on this question, had reasserted its own authority, on the day before, on March 27th, when it also over-rode the veto of the Independent Offices Appropriation Bill by the tremendously impressive vote of 310 to 72. The President had vetoed the bill on March 26th, on the evening of the day it had been passed, in a burst of swift activity which followed three months of consideration of the measure.

Naturally, such significant votes were accomplished only when Senators and Representatives ignored party lines. The results

in both the House and the Senate were possible only because supporters of the Administration chose to vote in accordance with their own convictions, founded upon intimate knowledge of the technical problems involved in the veterans' bill, rather than fall in obediently behind their party leaders on a matter on which many of them believed, frankly, their party leaders were acting on wrong advice.

The over-riding of the veto in the Senate was more dramatic than the corresponding action in the House because up to the very moment of voting it had been forecast by Administration leaders that the veto would be sustained. As Senator after Senator spoke his convictions on the measure, however, the feeling grew in the galleries that the Senate would declare its independence. This feeling increased as party leaders, in their speeches,

based their pleas for support upon the ground that the appropriations carried by the measure would unbalance the budget and thereby jeopardize the national recovery from the depression. Such pleas seemed to be powerless in the face of the memory of the huge expenditures for other purposes authorized just a year ago, after the passage of the Economy Act had been accomplished by overwhelming vote on that same plea that veterans' economy was necessary to save the governmental budget.

Force was lent to the Administration spokesmen's pleas relating to the effect upon the budget by the fact that the bill included not only the comparatively small expenditures for veterans but also the additional sums necessary to put into effect increases in the pay of governmental employees.

Every seat in the galleries was filled at noon when the Senate went into session to consider the veto. All seats were filled when the hour for voting arrived, six hours later, and there was a fringe of standing spectators behind each of the many gallery sections. It was an orderly audience, but time after time interest in the debate became so intense and spectators' whispered comments so loud as to make it difficult to hear the speakers. The gavel was

MAIN PROVISIONS OF THE NEW VETERANS' LAW

1. Revives service connection for World War veterans on the rolls March 19, 1933, and provides the same payments in dollars and cents that they were receiving prior to the passage of the Economy Act. This affects almost 300,000 veterans.
2. Restores to the direct service-connected rolls 29,000 presumptives at 75 percent of the amounts they received prior to the passage of the Economy Act. These 29,000 are the men who were eliminated from the rolls by the so-called Boards of Review.
3. Provides non-service-connected hospitalization and domiciliary care for veterans not dishonorably discharged who are unable to pay for hospital care and treatment. Transportation to and from hospitals is also authorized.
4. Restores to the rolls those veterans who suffered serious injuries while receiving treatment in government hospitals.

The total annual cost of the provisions of the new law is estimated at \$42,292,700.



**The Capitol at Washington as seen from the Union Station, with the
Senate Office Building at the left**

pounded repeatedly by the Vice President and the Senators who relieved him as presiding officer. A dozen times Mr. Garner and his substitutes had to threaten to clear the galleries. Then, when the vote had been counted and tallied, the galleries indulged in a rare demonstration. As the hundreds of spectators arose in their seats to file out, they cheered and applauded.

National Commander Edward A. Hayes was in Washington to direct personally the final efforts of the Legion before the veto.

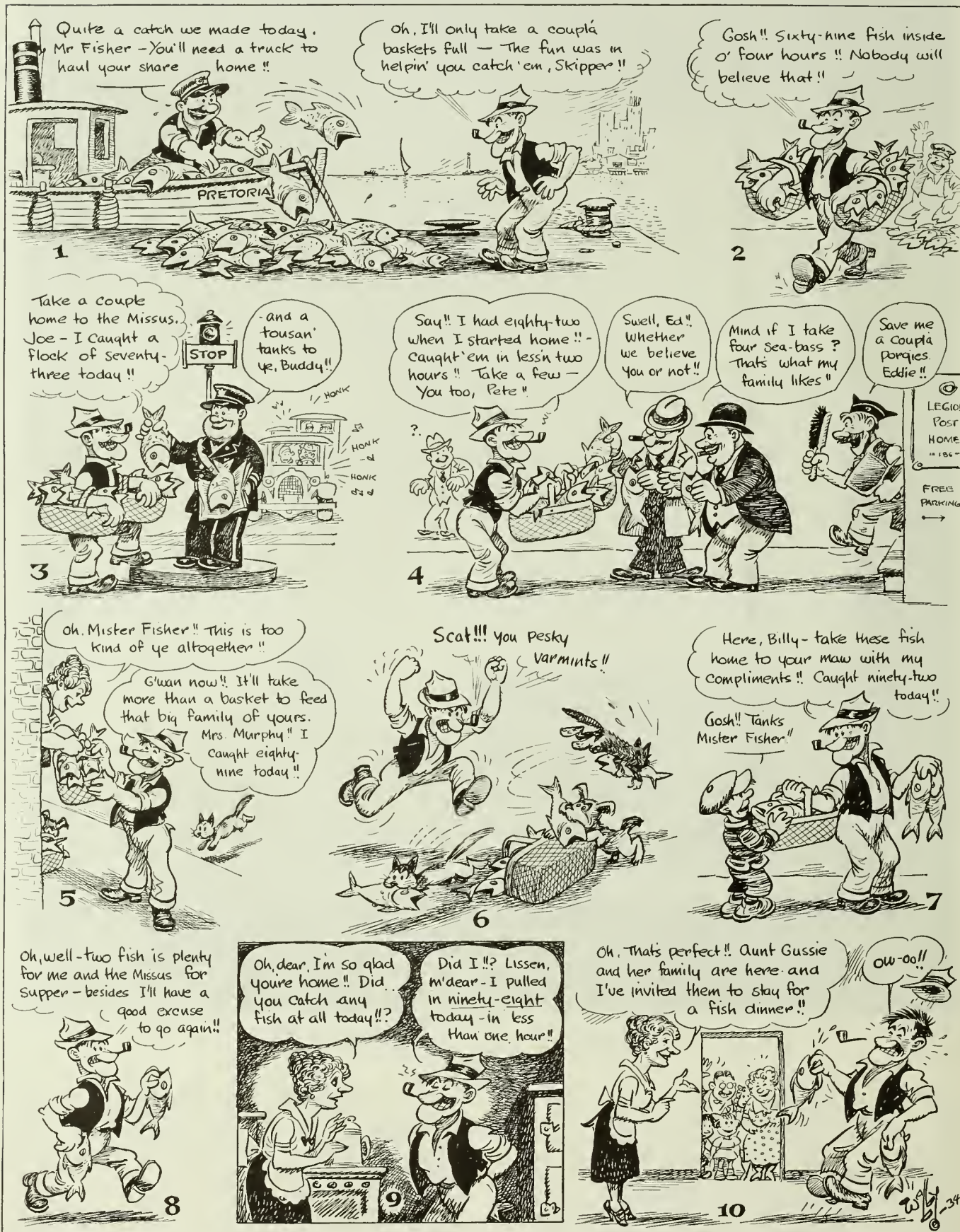
He had visited Washington at intervals during his speaking tours about the country and had kept closely in touch with every phase of the efforts being made by the National Legislative Committee. With the National Commander was Ray Kelly of Michigan, Chairman of the National Legislative Committee, who shared with Mr. Hayes this important task.

To arrive in Washington in time for the Senate's vote, which came unexpectedly soon after the (Continued on page 42)

EASY COME, EASY GO

A Good Catch Makes For Generosity

By Wallgren



Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



THE rookie M. P. was stationed at a bridge crossing the Rhine. He had been given orders to let no one cross the bridge without a pass. A car, bearing the single star of a brigadier general, rolled up to the bridge and started across.

"Hold on!" shouted the M. P.

The car was brought to a stop, and the M. P. opened the door and stuck his head inside.

"Where's yer pass?" he bawled.

"Pass?" repeated the indignant general.

"Yessir—pass!" insisted the M. P.

With as much self control as a general can exercise under such circumstances, this one inquired, "Don't you know what that star on the windshield means?"

"Sure," grinned the M. P. "It means you got a son in the service."

WHEN Howard P. Savage of Chicago was National Commander he was making a trip through the Southwest. On the train, one day, a tired and exasperated Pullman porter approached him saying: "Boss, I'm in a awful mess. Dey's two ladies up in de front of de car; one of 'em say she want de window up and de other one want it down. De lady what wants it up say she gwine suffocate if I puts it down, and de other lady says if I puts it up she gwine freeze to death. Now, what am I gwine to do?"

"Why, that's simple," said Savage. "Close the window until one of them suffocates, and then open it until the other freezes to death."



COLONEL FRANK R. COATES, who is a director on the boards of eighty-one large corporations, tells of an experience when he went to Toledo, Ohio, several years ago to assume the duties of president and general manager of the street railway company there.

One of the first things he set out to do was to ride over all the lines to get acquainted. He noticed a tendency on the part of some of the conductors to slur over the pronunciation of the street names when announcing them. Finally he went to a conductor and asked, "Why don't you call these streets so people can understand what you are saying?"

"What is it to you?" was the chilly response.

"Oh, nothing," replied Colonel Coates.

"It just happens that I am the new president of the company, and think it would be a good idea if you would pronounce the names of the streets distinctly."

"Oh—yes!" the conductor retorted. "What do you expect for eighty dollars a month—grand opera?"

HE WAS a raw rookie, and the top sergeant had been merciless in trying to make a soldier out of him. He was getting his first taste of sentry duty, and it was midnight. He heard footsteps and challenged, "Who goes there?" (Yes, we know our General Orders for Interior Guard, but that's what he said, anyway.)

From out of the darkness came the reply: "The colonel of the regiment!"

"The colonel, hey? Well, let me give you a tip, Colonel. You better look for the top sergeant of Company A right now. He's been looking for you for more'n a hour, and he's just naturally goin' to give you hell."



THE orator of the day was getting under full sail when a voice from the rear of the convention hall was heard to shout: "Louder!"

The speaker increased his volume, but again came the cry "Louder, please!" Once more the voice was raised, but again the cry from the back row. Finally a fellow seated in the very front, right under the speaker's rostrum, stood up and called back: "Can't you hear back there?"

"No," came the answer.

"Sure you can't hear a word this fellow is saying?"

"Positively I cannot hear a word."

"That's fine! I'll swap seats with you!"

JOE SCHMID, State Junior Baseball Chairman for Pennsylvania, told this one at a membership conference recently.

Back in '29, when business was beginning to lag, the high-powered sales manager addressed a sales meeting, and among other things told his men never to take no for an answer. One of the younger fellows took the words of his chief very much to heart. His first call the next morning was on a corner groceryman who was up to his ears in work. The groceryman told the little salesman that he was stocked up and did not need anything. Remembering the admonition of his boss, the salesman persisted and persisted, until finally the merchant grabbed him

by his coat collar and the seat of his breeches and ushered him to the door with a shove that sent him sprawling into the street, and then threw his samples and sample case out after him.

The little salesman picked himself up, adjusted his clothing, gathered his scattered samples and re-entered the store. With a gleam of determination in his eyes he walked up to the man who had just thrown him out and pleasantly smiled. "My friend," he said. "We've had our little fun—let's get down to business."



TWO boys from the city had landed jobs with the Civilian Conservation Corps. One of them was a tall lanky chap, and the pick he had been given to apply to some ditch digging was all too short for him, and his stint was proving almost a back breaker. From out of a long silence his buddy asked: "What would you do if you had a million dollars?"

The lanky lad reflected a moment. "I'd buy a longer handle for this pick," he said.

LEGIONNAIRE J. R. NORWOOD of Hugoton, Kansas, used to enjoy regaling the old A. E. F. press-censorship gang with this one.

A soldier was on outpost duty on the edge of No Man's Land. The officer of the day was making his rounds. General and special orders had been disposed of, and the O. D. asked, "What would you do if you saw a wave of enemy infantry sweeping this way?"

"I'd snap to attention and form a line, sir," was the rather astonishing reply.

"Form a line? One man form a line?"

"Yes, sir—a bee line to the rear!"



CHARLES W. ARDERY, Correspondent National of La Société des Quarante Hommes et Huit Chevaux, delights in telling this one.

The defendant was charged with assault and battery. Among the exhibits brought into court by the prosecuting attorney, in showing the weapons used by the prisoner, were a pair of tongs, an axe, a club, a saw and (Continued on page 55)

With the ARMY of the

*by Charles
Phelps Cushing*

THE old wooden floors of Temporary Building F in Washington, a relic of the World War, creak again to the tread of hurrying feet. Typewriters click, telephones jangle, field clerks in shirt sleeves bustle around flat-topped desks and ramparts of filing cabinets. In a small room in the west wing there is a crackle of bond paper as correspondents unfold their credentials. The correspondents wear no armbands with a white C. But their portables and their cameras label them plainly.

On the north wall of the room where they gather is a big map. Many colored pins are stuck in it. Above the sagging curve of a river's course is a straighter line, a red ribbon. The map resembles one we used to study so intently, so eagerly back in 1917-18. I



**Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals is a prism of
1,400,000 cubic yards of concrete**



When the after-recess bell rings in the Tennessee hill country—children of Medford School, near the site of Norris Dam

look for Metz at the upper right hand corner, Soissons at the other end of the salient. Chaumont, Toul, St. Mihiel and Château-Thierry ought to be there, too. I step closer. The names are familiar enough and have war associations. But they aren't French. They are good old American homeland names. No Marne, no Meuse, that river—it's the Tennessee. And next I note Knoxville, Chattanooga, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Murfreesboro, General Joe Wheeler, Shiloh, Corinth, Paducah...

That map looks like a war, and a war it is. But a new kind of war. A kind that William James, most beloved of American psychologists, once dreamed of waging. He proposed a substitute for the primitive savagery of battlefields where men strive to kill other men, maim, cripple, blind or craze. This new Army of the Tennessee attempts to make that dream of William James come true. This army fights to restore, not to destroy. To check suffering, not to inflict it. Not to lay waste a valley, but to put an end to waste.

Old "Tempo F," where once the Chemical Warfare sharps devised new diabolical ways to stifle and blind and burn, now is back

in active service, but working today to discover how to enable mankind to breathe freely again. All this sounds a bit idealistic, too good to be true. None the less we're having a try at it—a battle against depressions, present and future.

There is no censor here, either in Washington or in the field, to blue-pencil my copy. So a correspondent is free to warn you that this may prove a futile campaign and frightfully expensive. Or it may be the beginning of a new and happier way of life for two million Americans who dwell in a section as large as the State of Ohio. The Tennessee is designated as a testing ground. If the campaign to rout depression succeeds here, similar campaigns are to be pressed in other great valleys, such as the Columbia, the Ohio.

The way of life to be tested is not the way of the Fascist, of the Nazi or of the Soviet. Our way is ultra-modern, untried else-



Bristol, where two States divide. The right-hand side of State Street is in Tennessee, the left in Virginia

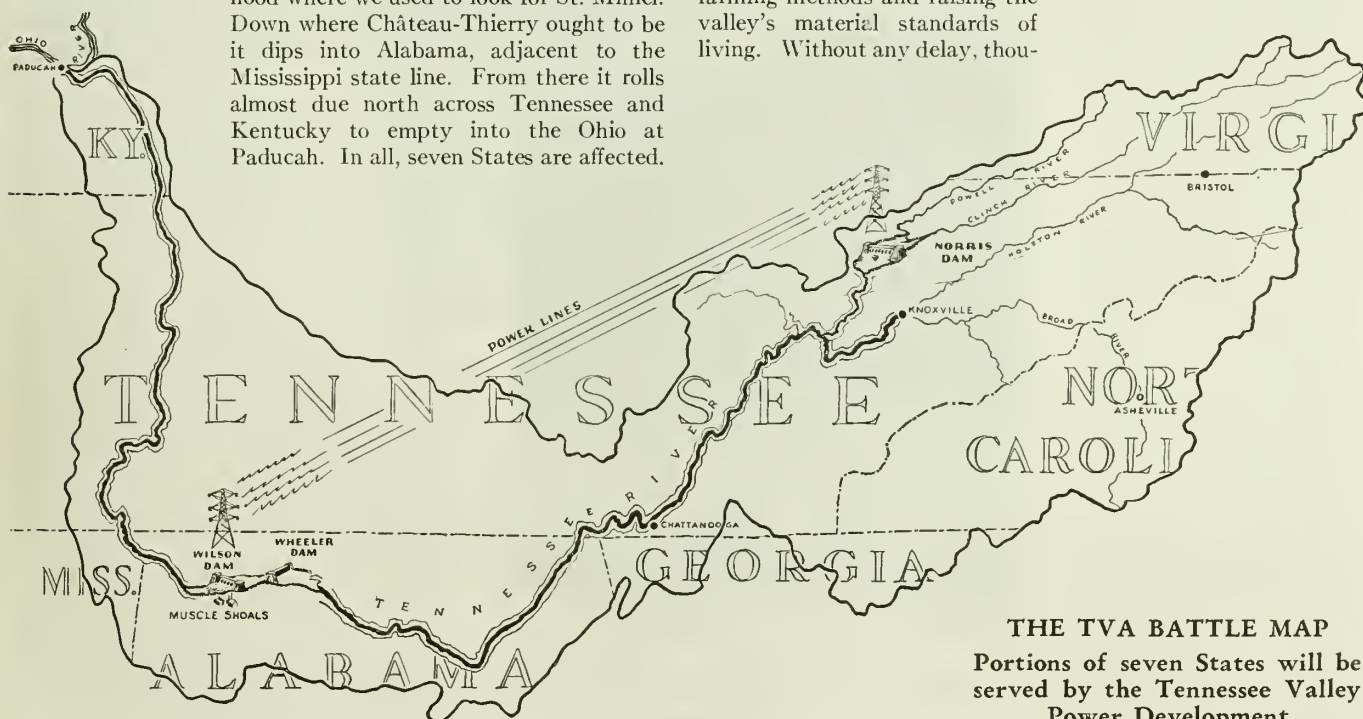
TENNESSEE



A typical Saturday morning scene in the hitch yard, Lawrenceburg, Tennessee

where. It is one of the boldest and most novel of social experiments. All other nations will watch its progress intently; jeering loudly if it ends in failure, sitting up nights to adapt it to their own needs if it proves a success.

The sector chosen is the drainage basin of a great river which on the east draws its tributary waters from the tiptops of the Great Smokies, the highest crests east of the Mississippi. Eastern Tennessee, a section of North Carolina and a corner of Virginia feed the headwaters of the stream. From Knoxville the line sweeps down in a sagging curve like our American battlefield in France before we straightened out the bulges. It courses almost the length of Tennessee, draining a bit of Georgia in the neighborhood where we used to look for St. Mihiel. Down where Château-Thierry ought to be it dips into Alabama, adjacent to the Mississippi state line. From there it rolls almost due north across Tennessee and Kentucky to empty into the Ohio at Paducah. In all, seven States are affected.



THOUSANDS of "Troops" Are Now Engaged in a Campaign to Rout Depression—to Restore, Not to Destroy—and If The Battle Succeeds Other Great Victories Are Destined to Follow

The colored pins stuck in the map mark cities and towns which are bidding to buy electric power from a newly organized Government corporation. The red ribbon across the map, 230 miles long—which looks like a battlefield "objective"—marks the right of way along which the stilts of an electric power transmission line are to march, carrying a huge cable of aluminum.

At the upper end of the line (right), in the "mountain country" near Knoxville, a new dam as high as an eighteen-story building is being constructed. This will impound a reservoir of the waters of the Clinch and smaller tributaries of the Tennessee. This is the site of Norris Dam and a new power plant.

At the lower end of the line (left), in the lowland cotton country, the cable is to reach to Alabama, hooking up with the Wilson Dam power plant at Muscle Shoals and with another dam now under construction fifteen miles upstream—General Joe Wheeler Dam.

The whole plan is as modern in essence as the latest gadget just invented for a television machine. The objective at the end of the big drive is to furnish the population of an entire river valley with the blessings of cheap electricity. But before that Hindenburg Line is attained, there are many other important phases of the campaign. Production of cheaper fertilizer is promised to the farmers of the valley. The unruly Tennessee is to be put under flood control. At the same time, enough water is to be stored to furnish the power houses with an ample supply for the driest seasons. River navigation is to be improved. An attempt is to be made to check erosion, and to do what may be done to reforest timberlands and to safeguard against forest fires. Adult education has an important place in the plan. There's a lot about better farming methods and raising the valley's material standards of living. Without any delay, thou-



A lock under construction at General Joe Wheeler Dam, fifteen miles up stream from Wilson Dam

sands of men are being put to work, improving roads, grubbing stumps, building bridges, constructing temporary barracks for workmen and permanent homes for the force which will operate the dams and power houses, so the immediate result is a measure of unemployment relief.

The high command of the campaign rests in a corporation, the Tennessee Valley Authority. TVA is to operate, if possible, entirely free of any meddling from politicians; its model is, apparently, the Port of New York Authority. The new tunnels and toll bridges connecting New York City and neighboring cities of New Jersey around the mouth of the Hudson River have been built and managed successfully by an inter-state corporation. TVA is to attempt the same kind of thing, but on a vast scale and in connection with a comprehensive plan of economic and social improvement.

In Washington we've seen and heard enough to get the lay of the land. Now let's move toward the battlefront.

We've viewed the war map and made notes on the plan of battle. Now for a little discussion of personalities; something about the men who are the generals of this Tennessee Valley drive. Their ideas may count as heavily in this campaign as the ideas of Pershing, Baker and Harbord counted in shaping the destinies of the A. E. F.

The three generals of the board of TVA have plenty of ideas, and have embodied them boldly into the plan of battle. The chief of staff is Arthur Ernest Morgan. He started as a civil engineer and has done a great deal of reclamation, drainage and flood control work, his biggest job the \$35,000,000 flood prevention project in Ohio following the Dayton disaster of twenty-one years ago. Later he interested himself in sociology and education. For twelve years past he has been President of Antioch College.

The second general is another Morgan, another professor. Harcourt Alexander Morgan is President of the University of Tennessee. He started as a government entomologist, working to assist the farmer to exterminate

the pests that destroy crops. Later he became dean of Tennessee's College of Agriculture and finally President of the University. Like Dr. Arthur Morgan, he has developed an extremely active interest in various social and economic programs designed to improve farm life and the lot of small rural and industrial communities.

General David E. Lilienthal got going early as a regulator of Wisconsin's utilities. He appears to be the adjutant of the new army, the "director of TVA's power yardstick," a battling young front-liner of the Douglas MacArthur type. Even his enemies, who denounce him as a "corporation baiter," pay sincere compliments to his fighting abilities.

Opponents of the TVA say that two professors and a corporation baiter make a combination of idealists, day-dreamers and utility wreckers which can accomplish nothing but the waste of millions of the Government's money and the ruin of the light and power corporations already in operation in the sector. Much of



This Alabama home-site will be under fifty feet of water when Wheeler Dam is completed

the paper of the existing utilities, they declare, is held by widows and orphans and savings banks. Rooters for the TVA retort that we won the last war with a Commander-in-Chief who was a college president, a Newton Baker as Secretary of War, and that we can wage a war on depression today with just as happy chances of winning. As for the stock-holding widows and orphans, for every one of these the valley has "a thousand other widows and orphans" who never could scrape together money enough to buy even a baby Liberty Bond.

What President Roosevelt asked for in his message to Congress concerning the TVA was to create "a corporation clothed with the power of government but possessed of the flexibility and initiative of private enterprise."

Perhaps that's what he got. Perhaps it isn't. At least, one thing is assured: The battle is going to be spirited. In its early stages the uproar already is loud; presently it is going to rise to fortissimo. Most of the noise is about this matter of cheap power—with a good deal of din along the sidelines about cheaper fertilizer. Never has cheap power been offered to any such extensive area in the history of the world. What it may accomplish is something no imagination can forecast.

As my bus goes rolling through the Valley of Virginia in the night I try to imagine the future. Perhaps when the cheap power comes, the people of the Tennessee Valley won't have the initiative to make much use of it. Who knows? Or perhaps they will co-



Preparing the site of Norris Dam, which will create a great reservoir at the headwaters of the Tennessee River



Construction road leading down into the valley to the site of Norris Dam



The Inn at Kingsport, Tennessee, in the heart of the development project

operate heartily enough with the plan, but fail to make much headway with it. Nobody knows. . . . Or the dream may become an amazing reality. Then you shall see in the Tennessee Valley all that cheap power can accomplish as man's servant. The lightning that Ben Franklin tried to pull down from the sky with a kite and a key will light farm homes and barns, wash the dishes, shuck the corn, thresh the wheat, pump and heat the water supply, sweep the floor, ice the refrigerator. New industries will blossom in small communities. Fertilizer will be cheapened enough so that the profits from its use will not be offset by the costs. Deserted farm lands will produce again. . . . "In short, a new heaven and a new earth?" ask the scoffers. To which the backers of the plan reply tartly: "Well, why not? Anything for a change! We've had enough hell here lately."

It's sunrise. We've reached the valley. Bristol, half in Virginia and half in Tennessee, with the state line running right down the middle of the main street, is our destination. It's a Ripley "Believe It or Not" locale; and we must check up on that popular globe-trotter's veracity. He declares that Bristol, Tennessee, is a city of 12,000 which has neither a railway station nor a hotel. Investigation proves he's right. The hotels and the depot are on the Virginia side of the dividing line.

Without much more delay we must get to where the big guns are booming. But a little sight-seeing in this eastern portion of the sector is well worth any visitor's time. For example:

Just a short ride down the pike from the twin cities of Bristol is Kingsport, Tennessee, interesting enough to class as another "Believe It or Not." It's certainly a real tax upon the credulity to believe that this young model city has accomplished all that it has to show in the brief span of years since the World War. With its boulevards, parks, churches, beautiful homes, "zoned" busi-

ness and industrial sections, all done to the order of a modern city planner's dream and in the best of architectural taste, you might mistake Kingsport for a select suburban real estate development close to New York or Chicago. But the most amazing thing is to learn that nearly all of the factory hands for the industrial plants drive in daily from the farms around. Dr. Harcourt Morgan can point with just pride to this evidence that one of his pet theories is not "mere hazy idealism." He contends that farmers should thus distribute their time—to crops in the summer, to labors in small community factories when the farm work isn't so pressing.

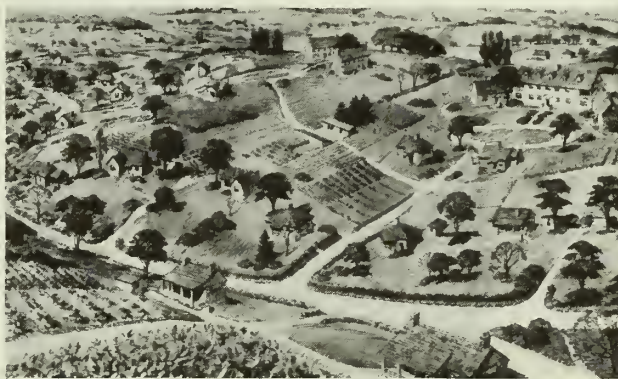
The great Smoky Mountains National Park, straddling the state line about halfway between Asheville, North Carolina, and Knoxville, Tennessee, is something else you really can't afford to miss. It is the newest and largest national park in the East. Mountain scenery of marvelous beauty, a picture at every turn of the road, rewards a detour into the park. (Hot Springs, North Carolina, is a good gateway.) Returning, keep on to Asheville, in the "land of the sky." Suffice it to say that North Carolina's chief resort city is a place which advertises charm and amply fulfills the promise.

Now back over the mountains again and bear for Knoxville. The spick and the new are not so conspicuous in

Knoxville as they were in Asheville or in Kingsport, but Knoxville is more exciting. Something starts tingling memories here. Knoxville's narrow congested downtown streets are reminders; the picturesque old market place is another suggestion of towns we knew in A. E. F. days. Without much strain on the imagination, I could vision an M. P. with a red brassard at that next corner directing the traffic. It isn't at all surprising to find that Knoxville is the Chaumont of the TVA campaign. G. H. Q. is established in a modern office building (Continued on page 53)



Barracks for an army of peace—workmen's temporary quarters in the Tennessee Valley



Architect's drawing of the model town of Norris, where employees of the Norris Dam will have permanent homes

-And ANOTHER *Generation* COMETH



Annually on Memorial Day this replica of an A. E. F. cemetery of war days is given form by Chief Paduke Post at Paducah, Kentucky. The crosses bear the names of Paducah men who died in the war and of deceased members of the post

FOR more than sixty years American boys have been thrilled by the solemn music, the rhythmic tramping of feet, the rustling of flags and the orations at soldiers' graves on Memorial Day. What American boy of yesterday does not cherish as one of his earliest memories the spectacle of aging war survivors marching in fading uniforms to cemeteries where flags and bright wreaths set apart the resting place of heroes. Everything combined to make those memories lasting ones. There was the spell of music and the sharp staccato of rifle volleys fired in the last salute, the tributes of speakers testifying that the dead have not died in vain, and the hush of prayer. There was the spell of beauty cast by the flowers and the assembled banners. There was too the spell of the magic interlude of the seasons—the golden interval between spring and summer—when trees and plants were wonderful in leaf and blossom and the soft wind was intoxicating with scent of warm earth and the perfume of flowers.

Wherever he may have lived in boyhood, every grown-up American has in his soul something which was born in it on a long-past Memorial Day, something which responds now as soldiers march again, bands play and flags go by. And so Memorial Day holds on each new year its ever-living appeal. It is the Easter of the soul of American patriotism. It is a day when the memory of cold and sordid days recedes and American citizens throw off apprehensions for the future. It is a day for itself—a sanctuary of glowing emotions for those who know on other days the bludgeonings of a reality too often cruel.

No matter on what day it falls—and in some of the Southern States it is observed on April 26th and other days besides May 30th—the spirit of Memorial Day is the same. Those who fought and live assemble to pay tribute in grateful recollection to those who fought and died. They do more than this, though. They also summon the nation to contemplate once more our national ideals, for which men have been willing to die, and to reconsecrate itself for the preservation of these ideals.

In proportion as Memorial Day arouses among citizens generally the feelings which underlie our national patriotism, it is an important American institution and not simply a perfunctorily observed holiday whose meaning has grown obscure with the years. In this fact lies The American Legion's greatest opportunity to preserve the rightful character of Memorial Day. It is said in Ecclesiastes that "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh." Memorial Day will not fail if each new generation as it comes receives from the generations who welcome it the lessons which have been handed down.

This coming Memorial Day will bring to The American Legion a new opportunity to transmit to its successors the lessons of the past which are the lessons for the future. This year for the first time there will march in the Memorial Day parades of hundreds of American Legion posts the newly-formed squadrons of Sons of The American Legion. After some years of consideration, the Legion last year determined that the sons of its own members and the sons of World War service men who have died shall compose a separate society whose ideals shall be the Legion's



Kenneth E. Caldwell, Jr., is a member of the Legion sons' squadron at Salisbury, North Carolina. His father, second lieutenant in the 4th Division, now dead, was recommended for the Medal of Honor

Typical of the hundreds of new squadrons of Sons of The American Legion which will march with Legion posts on Memorial Day this year—the squadron of University Post of Seattle, Washington



own and whose activities shall be principally the cultivation of patriotism.

The promptness with which many posts have formed squadrons of the new society and the spirit in which boys have enrolled have proved already that the Sons of The American Legion is worthy of the confidence given it. The letters relating to post activities submitted to the Monthly by posts throughout the country always reflect what happen to be the leading interests of the Legion in any particular period. In recent months this magazine has been receiving hundreds of reports of the formation of squadrons of the sons' organization and other reports telling of the things the squadrons are doing. From all parts of the country have come photographs of the new squadrons. The pictures show that the society has won the support of boys of all ages. The success of the new society proves that the motion picture, the radio and other accompaniments of modern life have not weakened the elemental impulse of American boys to join something, hold meetings, wear badges and engage

in social activities. National Headquarters at Indianapolis reports that new squadrons are being given charters at a constantly increasing rate.

On this Memorial Day, therefore, we shall see the organized sons of Legionnaires marching for the first time. And they will be marching not merely in a parade with their fathers to the graves of the war dead in their towns and cities. Their march is more than that, for they are marching onward to an inheritance upon which the country's future depends. They are living in troubled times, years of doubt and confusion in which at times it may seem that all which has been is wrong. With our help they may learn what it is of America which will endure, and they may find in our ceremonies something which will give them stronger souls for tomorrow.

National Grave Plan

THE American Legion's National Grave Registration Plan by which American Legion posts will have an accurate record of the locations of the graves of all war veterans within each county has been given new impetus by the distribution of copies of the plan, following revisions made in January of this year. The revised leaflet gives complete information for the guidance of posts in the registration of graves and includes blank forms which are the basis of records to be kept by each post. Posts which have not yet undertaken the work have been urged by National Headquarters to do so before this coming Memorial Day.

Everywhere, the Legion

WALTER WINCHELL flashes from a basketful of recent reports on things Legion posts are doing:

Flash! Lexington, Kentucky. Man o' War Post has established an American Legion Game Refuge of 4,000 acres on which it is placing quail and ring-necked pheasants.

Flash! Fort Worth, Texas. Blackstone Post of The American Legion announces that it will provide free infantile paralysis serum made from the blood of Post Vice Commander George F. Seideman, onetime sufferer from the disease. The serum will be given to any victim of the disease in Texas who is unable to pay for treatment.

Flash! Charlotte, North Carolina. Charlotte Post of The American Legion is developing a tract of waste land into a civic center the like of which is unknown in any other part of the South. The chief feature is a massive stadium of native stone.



Legionnaire George Tibedo of East Lynn Post tells why the band is playing, the flags are flying and the graves are covered with flowers—the lesson of Memorial Day



Flash! Yazoo City, Mississippi. Roy Lammons Post of The American Legion for the sixth year in succession made a tremendous success with the Yazoo County Fair.

Flash! Oregon, Missouri. Harris E. Petree Post, "mainspring of its town," has reduced greatly community insurance rates by making itself the town fire department. The post has also established a community little theater and sponsors performances by companies from nearby cities.

Flash! Leadville, Colorado. Leadville Post of The American Legion has just acquired as its clubhouse a historic building dating from the

town's roaring days, the hall of the Leadville Turnverein, famed as the scene of an annual masquerade ball for fifty-six years. The post will continue to give the masquerade ball each year.

Flash! Saratoga Springs, New York. Adirondack Post of The American Legion has sponsored each year since 1927 The American Legion Handicap, one of the outstanding stakes of the brilliant racing season of its historic resort. The Legion race is the equal of any of the other races and attracts notable entries.

Flash! Grand Canyon, Arizona. Two prominent peaks in the Grand Canyon have been named by the National Geographic Board in honor of Glen E. Sturdevant and Fred Johnson, members of John Ivens Post of The American Legion, who drowned while returning from a 10-day exploring trip in the canyon.

Flash! Lake Placid, New York. National Commander Edward A. Hayes of The American Legion, used to thrilling airplane rides on his travels, found something new in thrills as guest of Lake Placid Post on a 100-mile-an-hour trip down the mountains on Lake Placid's famous bobsled run.

Flash! Kansas City, Missouri. When twenty-two Legion posts of Kansas City united in putting on an American Legion Mardi Gras, the success of the big party was attributed chiefly to the remarkable help given by Kate Smith, radio and screen star.

Community Betterment Award

IN RECOGNITION of what the 10,000 posts of The American Legion have done to make better the communities in which they live, National Commander Edward A. Hayes has been named one of five judges who will select the winner of a \$1,000 award to be made by The Ladies' Home Journal to the organization which during 1933 carried forward the most constructive piece of community service.

By the terms of the competition American

An architect, a landscape gardener and nature produced this clubhouse of West Seneca Post of Gardenville, New York. It overlooks the beautiful valley of Cazenovia Creek

Legion posts and units of The American Legion Auxiliary are among the organizations eligible to compete for the award. The detailed announcement and terms of the competition appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for April. By the terms, projects entered must have begun in 1933 and been completed in the same year. Any kind of civic project, whether it raises the cultural or citizenship standards, or borders on social service or philanthropy, may be entered. The project must be described in a manuscript not exceeding 750 words, prepared in compliance with the requirements specified in the announcement in the April issue of the *Journal*. Manuscripts must be received by *Ladies' Home Journal*, Independence Square, Philadelphia, before 4 P. M., June 1, 1934. The announcement of the award will be made in the October issue of that magazine.

Four other outstanding organization leaders are serving as judges with National Commander Hayes. They are: Mrs. Grace Morrison Poole, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. Geline MacDonald Bowman, president of the General Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs; Mrs. Minnie Bradford, president of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers; and John A. Lang, president of the National Student Federation.

Lawyers and Doctors

IN 1821 Thomas Jefferson, contemplating a Congress which was getting nowhere, remarked critically: "How can it be otherwise in a body to which the people send 150 lawyers whose trade it is to question everything, yield nothing and talk by the hour?" Mr. Jefferson, himself a lawyer, thought even less of physicians than he did of his team-mates at the bar. His wisecracks about the big pill and saw men of his age weren't always good natured. The doctors and lawyers of Jefferson's time could smile, of course, because then as now even scoffers would turn to them in time of trouble.

Faribault (Minnesota) Post of The American Legion not long ago entertained at one of its meetings all the doctors of its community who are not Legionnaires. At another meeting it had as



Charles M. Lockwood, 92-year-old sole survivor of the Civil War Last Man's Club of Stillwater, Minnesota, presents a bottle of cognac to The American Legion Last Man's Club at its third annual banquet, to be opened years hence when only two members of the club remain alive



guests all of Faribault's non-Legion lawyers. The purpose of the meetings was not to give post members the opportunity of studying lawyers and doctors—in case anybody wanted to inquire whether each species had improved in a century—but to give the lawyers and doctors a chance to observe the Legion at first hand and learn what the organization really stands for. The post also entertained at other meetings the superintendent of schools and all teachers, members of engineering professions and groups from other specialized occupations.

"The meetings were very successful," reports Past Commander M. J. Hintsala. "We believe we have given all our guests a conception of the Legion which will go far in counter-acting propaganda against the service man."

Model Clubhouse

WEST SENECA POST had 200 members when it was formed soon after the war and its Auxiliary unit started with 160. Its town of West Seneca is comprised of the villages of Ebenezer and Gardenville and is within a half dozen miles of the city limits of Buffalo. Its ambition long ago was to have the finest American Legion clubhouse owned by any post of its size, and Legionnaire Henry E. Baier now reports that it has made its dream come true in spite of a depression which couldn't have been foreseen back in 1926 when a post committee of six men chose a building site 128 feet wide and 1750 feet deep, on the high banks of scenic Cazenovia Creek. The land had belonged originally to the Seneca Indians and had been owned later by the Ebenezers, a religious sect.

In 1930, when times were not so good, the building committee retained an architect and in due time exhibited drawings and plans and a small-scale model of the building-to-be. Prices were at rock bottom and many members could be given employment. The post voted to build immediately. The complete realization of its dreams was made possible by help extended by business concerns and individuals outside the Legion who were inspired by a desire to make the clubhouse a community landmark and monument.

"A brick manufacturer in a nearby town gave us an especially good price on the brick," Mr. Baier writes. "Two railroad companies donated six carloads of cinders for driveways and for a parking space with room for 150 cars in the rear of the building. Gardenville is the home of many florists supplying Western New York and these companies gladly extended their help in landscaping our grounds. Miss Ethel Lehde was especially helpful. She was taking a post-graduate course in landscape gar-

dening at Cornell University, and she not only helped prepare our plans at the university but also supervised the actual work. Farmers donated rich topsoil. More than 120 trees and plants were set out and not one failed to grow. The Girl Scout troops of Ebenezer and Gardenville each planted an elm at our front entrance."

Sixty-Nine Years Hence

ABOUT the year 2,003 if things work out as expected a pair of veterans of the World War will face each other across a table in a hotel at Stillwater, Minnesota, and drink a toast in honor of 286 comrades who sat down with them at a banquet in Stillwater on February 22, 1933. They will be the survivors of Stillwater's World War Last Man's Club, and between them will be a bottle of cognac, 1934 style, and a can of bully beef, vintage of 1918.

Arrangements looking to this final banquet were perfected this winter at the third annual banquet of Stillwater's Last Man's Club, at which tributes were paid to six of the charter members who have already gone west. The third banquet was dignified by the presence of Charles M. Lockwood, 92-year-old veteran, sole survivor of the original Last Man's Club formed by Stillwater Civil War veterans fifty years ago. It was Mr. Lockwood who presented to the World War veterans' outfit the bottle of cognac to be a companion to the tin of bully beef which Dr. C. J. Fredell drew as a part of his iron rations in the Argonne on November 9, 1918. Mr. Lockwood had hoped to present a (Continued on page 59)



A CLOVERLEAF SPEAKS *his* PIECE



The colors of the 88th Division are presented to Major General William Weigel, commanding general, during the inspection and review of the division by General Pershing near Gondrecourt, April, 1919

EVER stop to consider how and where certain of the effective and tricky insignia which adorned the shoulders of soldiers' blouses originated? For instance, the four ivy leaves attached to a circle and set on a diamond designated the Fourth Division. How come? Simple. Using the Roman numeral IV for four, we get the numerals I and V, or ivy. The keystone, of course, represented the 28th, the National Guard division of Pennsylvania, the Keystone State. A fellow had to know his American history to recognize a wearer of the Santa Fe Trail symbol as a member of the 35th Division which hailed from Kansas and Oklahoma where the old overland trail began.

First impressions that the 88th Division may have selected the four-leaf clover because of its purported good luck propensities would prove all wrong. That semblance of a clover leaf came from crossing the two figures 8, which composed the division's numerical designation, at right angles. Get it? That cloverleaf gang was composed originally of men from the two Dakotas, Minnesota, Iowa and Illinois, though before finishing its training at Camp Dodge, Iowa, it was filled up with increments from Kansas and Missouri.

With the two unofficial snapshots on this page that came from a veteran of the 88th, Legionnaire Norman Sweat of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, former chaplain of the 349th Infantry, we received this comment:

"Probably I do not see all the pictures pub-

lished in the *Monthly* but I see most of them. However, I do not remember ever seeing any from my old division, the 88th, and so offer a few. While I took quite a number of snapshots myself, those enclosed were the product of some other member of the outfit whom I do not recall, but I'm sure he won't object to their use in the interest of 88th Division veterans.

"The picture of the two women and the doughboy doing the week's wash in one of the typical village lavoirs was taken in Naix-aux-Forges, Meuse, France, and the soldier is a man of the Third Battalion of the 350th Infantry, which was stationed there and in neighboring villages following the Armistice. The village is in the old training area northwest of Gondrecourt, at which latter village was the system of trenches in which problems were conducted.

"The other snapshot shows the presentation of the colors to General William Weigel, divisional commander, at the inspection and review of the division by General Pershing near the town of Gondrecourt on April 19, 1919.



Frenchwomen doing their washing in the village lavoir is a remembrance of any A. E. F.-er. A member of the 350th Infantry joined this washday party in the village of Naix-aux-Forges



the Hericourt Training Area near Belfort and later relieved the 38th French Division in the Center Sector, Haute Alsace. On November 2d, it became a part of the Second American Army, in corps and army reserve, prepared for participation in the proposed drive on Metz, which was stopped by the Armistice. The artillery returned home in January, 1919, and the rest of the division followed in May."

THE 89th Division, an old neighbor of the 88th Division out in the Plains States during training days, is going to reconvene this year in Kansas, the State in which it had its origin. Keeping in step with other organizations, it was decided at a reunion luncheon in Chicago last fall during the Legion national convention to revive the 89th Division War Society, once an active and going concern. Its regimental societies have increased in interest to the men during the years since the war and annual reunions have been held.

Since it is impossible to reassemble the veterans of the Middle West Division in Camp Funston, the old stamping-grounds which no longer exists, the reunion will be held in Wichita, Kansas, September 1st and 2d, in conjunction with the sixteenth annual reunion of the 353d Infantry and the annual convention of the Kansas Department of The American Legion. Invitations are being extended to all members of all of the units of the division through the Governors and the Legion of the States which furnished men for it—Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Colorado, South Dakota, New Mexico and Arizona. Honored guests will include Mrs. Leonard Wood, widow of the General who organized and trained the 89th, General William M. Wright and General Frank L. Winn, who commanded the division, Frank E. Samuel, National Adjutant of the Legion, Neal M. Grider, National Treasurer of the Legion, James E. Barton, General Manager of the Monthly, and other prominent men who served with the 89th.

Arrangements for the reunion are being made by Courtney S.

Turner, former Regimental Adjutant of the 353d Infantry, 21 West 10th Street, Kansas City, Missouri, who is acting president of the society, and Leslie E. Edmonds, former captain in the 341st Machine Gun Battalion, 114 South Broadway, Wichita, Kansas, general chairman



"The 88th Division was organized and trained at Camp Dodge, Iowa. It went overseas in August, 1918, and upon arrival in France, the artillery brigade with which I was then connected went to Clermont-Ferrand for further training.

The infantry regiments were in

of reunion plans. All former 89th Division men are requested to report to either of these men, giving their names, addresses and units with which they served.

IF PROOF be needed that interest in the Legion is not only nation-wide, but world-wide, we have it here to offer. We think we can safely introduce Legionnaire M. E. Pelgrims as our farthest-away contributor. When the first letter came from him, we had to look twice at the date line to be sure we were reading correctly. It read: Djokjakarta, Java. The letter was brief:

"I served in the Radio Intelligence Section, Signal Corps, during the war. When are we to have some stories and photos of that branch of the service? I would be very interested in seeing something in print which would recall those days. Is there any book on this subject?"

We, too, had heard little if anything about the Radio Intelligence work, and true to our policy, we passed the buck right back



A corner of the Radio Intelligence room at Third Army Headquarters, Coblenz, Germany, where operators on twenty-four-hour duty kept record of every message picked up and sent out, for the information of the Chief Signal Officer

to him and invited him to produce. It took several letters before we jarred loose the picture shown, and several more letters, the last of which brought an answer from Pelgrims at 61 Ommeganck Street, Antwerp, Belgium, before we got his story. Pelgrims made this preliminary report:

"To write you a detailed story of my experiences would take too much time, but here are some flashes:

"To begin with, there was the original organization known as the 1st Depot Battalion of the Signal Corps organized and stationed at the 69th Regiment Armory in New York City. We sailed to France on the *Huron* early in December, 1917, landing at St. Nazaire. Thence by 40 and 8 to Nevers. From that center we were detached to wherever there seemed to be a need for us. I went to Tours where the Hotel Metropole had just been taken over as future headquarters. Thence to Langres to the radio training school.

"In January, 1918, we were again spread along some villages behind the Verdun sector. Here we operated day and night the radio-goniometric and listening stations, while others went to the trenches for Telegraphie-par-Sol, which, less scientifically expressed, was just tapping the German telephone lines and listening in on what was being said. Every word, every code letter,



This section of the Base Hospital at Camp Upton, Long Island, New York, Ward E 9, will be familiar to many soldiers who cleared through it on the way home. The patient being attended is Private Raffaele Cosenza; the nurse at the head of the bed, Miss Stravinsky. Who is the medical officer?

every angle of bearing was noted, registered and sent to the rear, where no doubt the puzzle was twisted about by G-2 until it meant something. Ours not to reason why—

“Captain Robert Loghry, later major and lieutenant colonel, inspected us regularly and sometime in April or May came to Souilly where two pictures of the detachment were made by an Army photographer. I have never seen them and would like very much to get copies of them. Can anyone help?

“Froidos with its miserable winter, Landrecourt with an occasional attempt by Austrian guns to smash the French hospital, Souilly before and after it became Army headquarters, La Ferte-sous-Jouarre, during the Château-Thierry scrap with the repeated air bombardments, Toul, Nancy, et al. And then, some night before the Armistice, the interception of a message from the German army commander, in front of the Argonne push, to the American Army suggesting arrangements for stopping firing—a message which was rushed with all speed to whom it concerned. Were there other listeners who intercepted it? Were we the first to get it through?

“And so we come to the trek to Coblenz, via Luxembourg. Bitburg, Germany, where chow was distributed in a brewery yard, Mayen, in the beautiful castle of some German lord. Coblenz was a pleasant vacation period, after installing a radio antenna from headquarters to the top of the Kaiser's palace, with Sergeant Walsh steeplejacking. I don't suppose he would do it again. There ought to have been a picture taken of the whole radio section clinging like ants to the tiles of the steep roof. Going up was easy, but life's great problem came when it was decided to come down again. Well, we made it.

“I am sending some pictures taken in Coblenz at the Army of Occupation (Third Army) Headquarters. In 1921 I revisited the quarters where I had worked eight months in 1918-19. One of the pictures, a corner of the Radio Intelligence room, shows the operator copying probably the German press station at Nauen or Koenigswusterhausen. Three operators were constantly on

duty, with a day and night service, and every word sent out was duly registered and communicated to the Chief Signal Officer. The map on the wall was drawn by myself early in 1919. Some of the boys will probably enjoy seeing these pictures.”

WE WERE able to use only the picture of the radio room—the others showed the telephone central at headquarters. Our last letter sent to Pelgrims in Java, remained unanswered for several months. We had asked him what had carried him to that far-off corner of the world. Eventually an answer came from Belgium and we have extracted this from it:

“To begin with, I left Java a few months ago, business becoming each month more depressing . . . I received the Signal Corps photographs you sent me and they pleased me a lot; still they lack the personal touch as I am not included! As I wrote, Captain Loghry had some pictures of the personnel taken at Souilly, near the listening-in station. How to trace those?

“You asked about my experiences in Java, and what carried me there. I went there in 1922 as representative of a Belgian wholesale diamond concern. The country is enchanting, a perfect climate, rather hot at times, but with hill towns always within an hour or two by motor, one can choose the cool places. My work consisted in selling unset diamonds to the Chinese and Javanese jewelers, and being thus in constant and close touch with these

people I acquired many friends.

“Java certainly is one of the best ‘outlandish’ countries to live in. Don't imagine a wilderness, with uncouth and wooly savages. The island, with its forty million inhabitants, is one great garden filled with exuberant vegetation. The Dutch colonial system has modernized everything and it is a pleasure to ride along the beautiful roads, through sugar-cane fields, past up-to-date mills, through villages and towns where every house shows signs of a satisfied prosperity. Still, the depression has hit the country also and happy faces are fewer than before. (Continued on page 61)





Not a drop is sold till it's seven years old !

Seven years is the *minimum* age of John Jameson—not the average age. It's the patient ageing which gives its mellow, golden flavour. That and the fact it is pure, pot still whiskey—unblended and unrectified. The pot still method is the most ex-

pensive, but it is traditional. We used it a hundred and fifty years ago, and we use it now. The John Jameson you buy to-day is exactly the same as you bought before the War. But you must get the RIGHT Jameson—JOHN Jameson.

JOHN JAMESON *Pure Old Pot Still* IRISH WHISKEY

JOHN JAMESON & SON LTD. BOW STREET DISTILLERY, DUBLIN, IRELAND

Established A.D. 1780

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING



IMPORTED AND GUARANTEED BY W.A. TAYLOR & COMPANY NEW YORK

They've GOT your NUMBER

By Fred
C. Kelly

IN THE telephone business, perhaps more than any other, men are obliged to know, well in advance, where thousands of people are going to be and what they will be doing. They must forecast people's whereabouts and habits ten years ahead.

They must be able to predict how many people will be living in each important city a decade hence, in what section of the city most new homes will be, and habits of these residents in regard to use of local and long distance telephones. They must know the average number of calls to be expected, not only for any one hour, but for any day, week, month or entire year.

It may seem incredible that there should be a definite ratio between telephone users of Northern European, or Southern European, stock in, say, Chicago, and the amount of certain metals that must be taken from mines in distant parts of the world years hence; but telephone companies have carefully-compiled figures on just such relationships. If they didn't make accurate predictions on such problems, they couldn't make arrangements in time to obtain important metals for their cables. They wouldn't have cables under the streets of an expanding city in time to anticipate an increased demand for telephones. Then thousands of families would be moving in without phones—and communication is today just as vital a necessity to most people as their water supply.

A telephone company cannot be digging up a city's streets and laying more cables every time a few more people move in. But it would be almost as fatal to have their cables laid too much in advance of need for them as not to have them in at all. If they over-estimate and have more cables or other equipment than they need, then this excess in investment causes them to lose money—and if that were to continue, they could not longer



Those whose business it is to know can predict pretty accurately how many men will phone about card games

Cartoon by
George Shanks

serve the public. To be successful, then, they must neither underestimate nor overestimate a city's future population.

Now, to forecast a city's population, it isn't safe just to ask the local trade organizations. These always believe their city's exceptional advantages for business and residential purposes will make its population double within a few years. But the telephone company must go at its problem scientifically. I have in mind, for example, a certain city in the Middle West, a center of many important industries. A casual observer

probably would see no reason why this city shouldn't some time be twice as big as it is now. But it never will be. Exhaustive studies by the telephone company's engineers have shown that the city can *never* grow more than ten percent beyond its present size. Real estate holders there who are counting on making big fortunes as time goes on will be disappointed. Engineers could show them that the greatest possible water supply this city can ever count on would not be enough to permit much growth. There will always be adequate water supply for a city of its present size; but if the city were to grow it would be necessary to tap water supplies that rightfully belong to other nearby cities. Consequently the telephone company is not wasting money in getting equipment for a vast city such as the local newspapers and business organizations prophesy with great regularity.

But to predict future use of telephones it is necessary to know more than the future size of a city. Much depends on the *kind* of people who will make up the population, their mode of life and earning power. When Detroit first began to have its great boom, the telephone company there systematically began to study what nationalities were settling in different parts of the city. It made an important difference if a section of town were to be inhabited mainly by Italians or Americans. Italians have more children than Americans do—and every child growing up is one more telephone user. Fathers and mothers, of various nationalities, are doubtless much alike in the affection they feel for their children. But there is a decided difference in the actual demonstration they make of such interest and affection. They are by no means the same in their willingness to pay long distance tolls to talk to their children away from home. Jewish people do more long distance telephoning to their children than do almost any other racial group. In such cities as Brooklyn and New York, where a considerable part of the population is Jewish, it is necessary, therefore, to have special provision for long distance outlets.

Moreover, certain nationalities are more thrifty than others and more ready to seize upon bargains. Telephone companies find a definite relation exists between racial makeup of a community's population and long distance calls placed at exactly 8:30 P. M. when the reduced rate becomes effective. Obviously, more wires are required if everybody tries to talk at precisely 8:30 than if these calls are scattered over an hour or two.

I am thinking of a certain city in the Middle West, of considerable size, in which the ratio of older people is unusually large. This city somehow does not offer great opportunity to the younger generation who would like to get into new enterprises, and the young folk find their way to larger places. But the surprising thing is that the number of long distance telephone calls from homes in this city, instead of being small, as might be expected in a somewhat decadent place, is unusually large. The reason is that nearly every family has a son or daughter living in some other town. If this were a city offering more opportunity, all these young people might stay in the same town. Then their parents could talk to them by local telephone instead of by long distance.

Telephone companies must know the exact season in every locality when enlarged demand will suddenly come for local and long distance lines, with constant need for more operators. Scattered through New England, for example, are a number of small towns containing preparatory schools and colleges. These schools create special need for long distance circuits because of frequent calls between students and their parents. In Tennessee, at the height of the strawberry season, when growers and dealers are busy arranging for labor and shipments, the (Continued on page 58)

Honestly, there's NO such thing as a "blowout-proof" tire!

YOU SEE lots of tire advertising nowadays on safety.

Pictures of automobile accidents — wrecked cars — frightened or injured people.

It's called "scare" advertising — the idea is to scare you into buying someone's "blowout-proof" tire.

That would be fine, if there were such a thing!

We sought out the truth on

REMEMBER every tire is made of rubber and cotton.

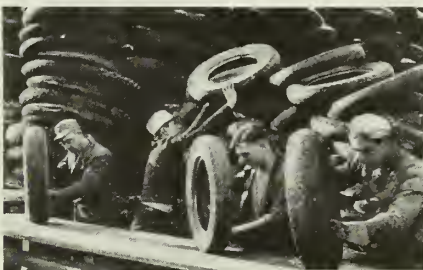
You can see how the rubber wears off the tread. But you can't see what happens to the cotton, and that's where most blowouts start.

Buy on truth, not scare

Almost *any* new tire, accurately built, will protect you from blowouts.

But the wise question to ask is this:

What happens to the cotton—the cords—in various tires, as millions of flexings or "hingsings" gradually wear the life out of that cotton?



Examining worn tires. Less than 3 in 10,000 blow out

Goodyear operates test cars, equipped with all makes of tires, just to answer such questions.

And here are the figures in black and white—showing what happens to the patented Supertwist cotton cords used in Goodyear Tires exclusively.

TENSILE STRENGTH REMAINING IN CORDS AT VARIOUS MILEAGES		
Miles	Ordinary Cord	Supertwist Cord
0	17 lbs.	16 lbs.
8,000	14 lbs.	15 lbs.
16,000	6 lbs.	13 lbs.
24,000	failed	10 lbs.

blowouts — bought different tires — tested them against our own.

We found *any* pneumatic will blow out if you run it fast enough and far enough.

But we found our own Good-years to be vastly less liable to blowouts than any others.

Our records of adjustments show our ratio of blowouts to tires to be somewhat less than three to 10,000.

See for yourself how this tough elastic Supertwist keeps its strength mile after mile while ordinary cord literally dies.



50—60—70 miles an hour, whirling day and night against a gigantic flywheel. Goodyear gives many makes of tires such tests—and any tire will blow out if you run it far enough, fast enough. But Supertwist cord stands up longer.

Outsells any others

Building a tire that stands up as well as that—and which has the extra non-skid safety of the world-famous center-traction All-Weather Tread—Goodyear outsells any other tire-maker.

So Goodyear doesn't have to scare people in order to sell that superlative tire.

We're willing to base our case on facts, the most important of which is simply this:

Year after year, *more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind!*

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., INC.
Akron, Ohio



THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

Topics of Lively Interest Discussed by Post and Department
Papers the Country Over

IT WAS hot—very hot. I was weary from trudging through Arlington National Cemetery, across the river from Washington. But I had an objective, the shrine of all that is sacred to the boys of 1917-1918—the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

With reverent steps I approached the beautifully simple stone symbol, my first glimpse of it. An erect, polished soldier was pacing behind it, for the shrine never is left unguarded by a remembering nation. I walked around, read the inscription on the front, paused in silent meditation and prayer—wondering if one of my war-time buddies was resting there eternally.

The mid-afternoon sun was getting hotter, I felt depressed in that sacred scene. I wanted time to meditate on the symbolic significance of it all, sitting on the stone steps in the shade.

I must have fallen asleep as the sun crept up to me. Or it might have been a day dream. Anyway, as plain as day I saw the ton-weight top of that grave open and that mysterious symbol of all the soldiers, sailors and marines wearing the uniform of the United States in the war walk slowly from his grave, towards me.

I was frightened, naturally, but in smooth tones he quieted me. Then I thought I heard him say:

"Legionnaire, what are my buddies doing to honor me as the symbol of all war dead? Are they ever giving me a thought? Do they ever observe a moment's silence at post meetings? Do they come out on Memorial Day, or Armistice Day, parade, decorate the graves and recall the supreme sacrifices made by the clerk, the laborer, the mechanic, the executive, the banker, the shoemaker? I don't need any honors; my fame is lasting but what about the fellows lying in marked and unmarked graves in France? What about the thousands lying reverently in American cemeteries? Is it true that their graves, even those in American Legion lots, are never cared for with the devotion they deserve, except on Memorial Day? Have we died in vain?"

That last woke me up! I'd been dreaming in the hot sun.

The next thought brought me to my senses. I was a buddy of that Unknown Soldier. We hadn't served in the same company, we hadn't worn the same uniform—but I was a war buddy. And I'd been sadly neglectful of my solemn duties to the war dead. Why, I hadn't seen fit to turn out Memorial Day, or Armistice Day. I was a peace-time slacker!

I resolved, in the shadow of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, never to allow another Memorial Day to pass without getting into uniform and proudly parading to the various cemeteries to honor my deceased buddies.—*Legion News, Brockton (Massachusetts) Post.*

PROFITEERS' TREACHERY

IF THE United States were to be drawn into another war inadequately prepared and without a Universal Draft law, billions of dollars would be squandered and certain interests would "clean up."

With that thought some lobbyists in Washington, in registering opposition to The American Legion's Four Point rehabilita-

tion plan and Universal Draft proposal, are adroitly trying to block our national defense suggestions.

Without adequate defense, thousands, possibly millions, of brave but untrained lads would be sacrificed and millions of dollars of the comparatively meager funds of the masses would be wasted. War may come in spite of anything we may do for peace, and if we can't assure our people we shall never go to war, it is our duty to assure an even chance to those who would have to do the fighting. We must do that against opposition from any source, the most reprehensible of which is the feudal lords of finance, who would make serfs of our defenders.—*Iowa Legionaire.*

ALL-AMERICAN

THE riot which recently occurred in New York City's Madison Square Garden, when Socialists and Communists who had met to protest against the action of a foreign government, engaged each other in a battle royal, gives food for thought.

In the present-day world, it is neither possible nor desirable to build a wall about our country and to shut ourselves off from intercourse with other peoples. We are, of necessity, vitally interested in and concerned with the internal as well as the international activities of foreign nations.

The extent to which we, as American citizens, may properly go, in manifesting our individual or group opinions regarding those matters which affect other nations, may not be capable of sharp or certain definition. But of one thing there can be no question: wholehearted, unified allegiance to the United States must be insisted upon.

There is no more room for the hyphen now than there was during the war. There is an all too common practice among politicians in our State to organize and to encourage the existence of political clubs among groups of our citizens who are of foreign extraction and to label such clubs with hyphenated titles. This practice is to be most vehemently condemned.—*New Jersey Legion News.*

THE CITIZEN AND THE TIMES

WHILE under President Roosevelt it appears to us this country has made a start toward becoming more closely knit, more of one mind, more humane and more patriotic than for a long time, there are many dangers which we face. Our life is far more complex than that of any nation at any time in the world's history.

Today we are seeing tremendous changes taking place almost daily. We accept as commonplace events which in past years would have caused pandemonium. We may be "punch drunk," as they say in the boxing world, but the condition is dangerous. We need to maintain our ability to react to the challenge of major events. We must get out of that passive attitude.

Perhaps there is nothing the individual can do, yet the strength of this country does not lie in our few officials in Washington. It rests in the intelligence of our citizens, in their vigor in maintaining

a clean, democratic form of government, in their continued close interest in the way the country is run and in its relations with other nations. One cannot maintain a passive attitude long when he has drawn inspiration from Washington and Lincoln. These were two men who lived their patriotism, daily.—*Shrapnel, Evanston (Illinois) Post.*

ARE YOU SORRY FOR YOURSELF?

LOOK at the chap who taps his cane upon the sidewalk to guide his cautious steps because of sightless eyes. Notice the legless cripple who sits upon the hard pavement, offering his penny wares to indifferent passers. Note the twisted body of another, whose every labored movement is a pitiful evidence of his handicapped life. See the lips of another, blue with the cold against which his inadequate clothes give little protection. Watch the features of another upon which stark hunger has set its mark.

Many of these unfortunate beings are your buddies and mine of 1917 and 1918 who are suffering as a direct result of their service to their country during the World War.

All these may be observed in the course of a short stroll along almost any city street. They have become such usual incidents that we are apt to pass them all unheeding. We are sure to do so if we be too intent upon our own lesser misfortunes. And yet, paraphrasing the classic statement of a certain Bishop of London, any one of us might truly say, "but for the grace of God that might be me."

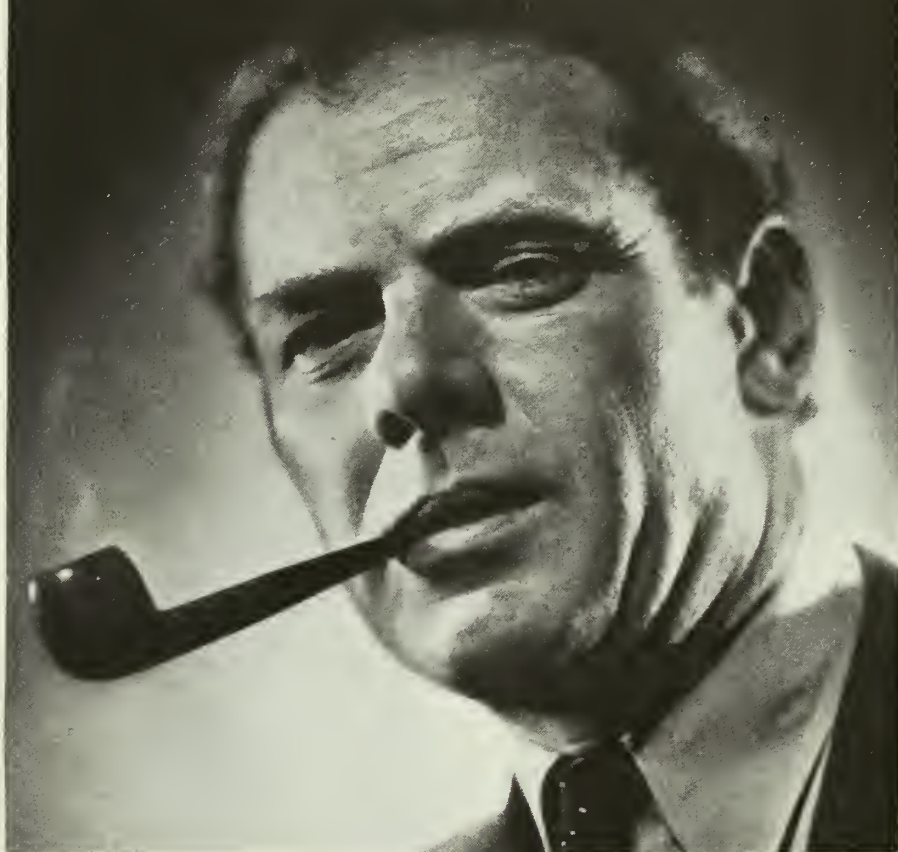
Don't let us be too sorry for ourselves. Let us save some of our sympathy for others who are really entitled to it. And let it lead us to thoughtful, kindly helpfulness for them. There is nothing that will brighten our own outlook so much.—*Latrine Rumor, Scarbrough Post, Galion, Ohio.*

COMPENSATION AND U. S. WEALTH

MANY misleading and outright false statements have been made in the last two or three years about veterans' costs. Tricky comparisons have been made between the American veterans and those of other countries that were in the war longer than the United States. A bullet wound, a whiff of gas, exposure and other conditions can ruin a man's health as quickly in one month as in one year, and the true method of comparison, it seems, would be the nation's ability to take care of its disabled.

Before the Economy Act, the United States was spending \$1.00 for every \$800 of national wealth annually on veterans; France, \$1.00 for every \$170; England, \$1.00 for every \$700; Germany, \$1.00 for every \$40. Out of 18 veterans in the United States, 16 have never drawn anything for disability. When compared to national wealth, the United States pays less for its veterans than any other nation.—*The Idaho Legionnaire.*

"I'm hard-boiled about Tobacco"



CHARLES BICKFORD . . . famous star of the screen

WHEN a friend of mine lent me my first pipeful of Union Leader, I had no idea it cost but 10¢ a tin. If I had known that . . . maybe I'd have been chary of it . . . for I'm pretty hard-boiled and fussy about tobacco.

That first pipeful won me . . .

and my pipe. We both fall pretty hard for good old Kentucky Burley . . . and I never tasted smoother Burley than Union Leader. I smoke it regularly, not alone because it's a big value, but because it's a grand smoke. (Good for cigarettes, too.)

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

UNION LEADER

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE



Night at Kinderhook

(Continued from page 13)

"Lieutenant André!" Then without further word fell down.

The landlord, a scullion, Knox and André dragged the fallen man toward the fire, and Knox, seizing the candle, hurriedly inspected him. The fallen man's face was quite white, his hair and clothes were dripping wet, and ice had begun to form on his bedraggled locks. He had on a uniform like André's, but of coarser material, and with most of the buttons missing.

"What has happened?" demanded André. "How did you follow me here? What's the matter?"

"THE Americans—" gasped the fallen man,—"a dozen of them—the river—aaah!" His head fell back, and he seemed to be taken with a fit.

"The man will die," said Knox quietly, "if he lingers long in these wet clothes on a winter night. Have you a bed free, landlord?"

"Yes, Colonel," said the landlord. "And a half barrel we can fill with mustard water! I'll bring him out of it! Inside and outside, I'll take care of him!"

"Do you know him?" continued Knox, as they hurried the dripping man into the kitchen. "He must have met with an accident."

"He is one of my grenadier sergeants," said André coldly. "Since his hat is missing, I can fancy the kind of accident it was."

"By God!" said Colonel Knox, pounding the table. "If any man of mine has done this thing, I'll present him with a shirt of fifty stripes, be his antecedents what they may! Tell me, did this sergeant know that you were here?"

"I left word, of course, with the captain of the guard, where I was going and for what purpose. Possibly he told the sergeant. Possibly I told him myself. My protest, it seems, was a little tardy."

"Hmmm!" said Colonel Knox, pursing his lips, and slowly rewinding a silken handkerchief about his left hand. "If this was done by any one of my men, there will be a stir about it in the billets. I shall make an immediate inspection, and I would be honored, Lieutenant, by your company."

"Thank you," replied André, with all the frigid courtesy of polite distrust.

The first barnyard they entered yielded no clue. Some of the squad that were quartered there had already gone to sleep, and had to be routed from the hay. The others were waiting for the fire to die down, still reading letters or newspapers. Their surprise at the visit of inspection was too real, and their interest in the British officer much too childlike, to have been assumed to mask a guilty conscience.

"This is the first mail we have had in weeks," remarked Knox, as the two officers left the yard for the street once more, "and I am sure the men are too interested in

reading their news to be running about the fields."

The other made no reply. They trudged on, past the crossroads where the road to Great Barrington, Springfield, and so to Boston turned off. Here, ready for the start on the morrow, were the sledges, a long double line, bearing mortar, howitzer or brass cannon.

"A respectable train of artillery," remarked André. "I see His Majesty's crown on them. What fortification are they from?"

"Ticonderoga."

"Ticonderoga! You brought them from Ticonderoga here? Impossible!"

"So I have been told," replied Colonel Knox drily. "Yet here they are. We could not reduce Boston without artillery, and having none, we had to go and get some."

They turned back and entered a yard on the other side of the road. The squad here had been invited into the house, but on the colonel's shout, they all came tumbling out into the yard. Here was evidence of the best that these men were innocent, for their coats were dry, showing that they had not been out in the snow for a considerable time.

"Isn't Amaziah Foss your corporal?" asked Colonel Knox suddenly. "Where is he?"

The squad grunted and coughed with what seemed embarrassment.

"Why—er—we've been waiting for him to come back ourselves," said someone finally. "He went off, over there, right before supper." The man waved his hand vaguely toward the creek, in that direction where the British camp fires could be seen.

"The sergeants were asking for him, too," spoke up another man. "They went over that way after him."

"They did? Well, let's go after them!" suggested Colonel Knox. "Four men in the vicinity of where this deed was done looks interesting."

"It seemed to me, sir," remarked André as they plowed through the deeper snow of the fields, "that that squad had a certain air about them of mystery."

"Perhaps!" agreed the colonel. "But they certainly had nothing to do with it. Their boots were dry. There is not a man in the detachment, including myself, that has two pair of boots."

"But their corporal—"

"AMAZIAH FOSS? Not he. He is the man I mentioned as coming from such a strict family."

"But the lure of having a trophy of war—"

"Tut!" scoffed Knox. "Your own sergeant has cleared Amaziah Foss from suspicion. He said 'Americans.' Corporal Foss wears a red coat, the old uniform of

the Company of Cadets, and had he been there, your sergeant would have taken him for one of his own countrymen."

"There are men there!" said the lieutenant suddenly, pointing to some moving shadows.

"I see them! Halt there! Who is that?"

The shadows turned, then came slowly toward the two officers, and after they had drawn quite near, halted and saluted. They were the three sergeants, Abijah, Perley and the Deacon.

"What are you doing here?" asked Knox sternly.

"We heard a disturbance, sir," answered the Deacon, "and so we come over to see who 'twas."

"What did you find?"

"Why, sir, the snow at the creek's been troampled down a lot, and there's footprints of some men that lead to the road, but that's all."

"Show us the spot!" ordered Knox crisply.

THEY went back a way, above the tiny bridge, to where two creeks, joining, made a kind of pool that the swirling water had kept free from ice. The battered snow and the footprints of struggling men looked like blotches of ink upon the frozen surface.

"What's this?" asked Lieutenant André. He picked up one of the biggest shadows, and turning it over, handed it to Colonel Knox. It was a beaver hat, three-cornered, bound with silver, and with a large spangled button from which dangled a tassel on the side.

"Why, this is a Cadet hat!" exclaimed Knox, examining it as well as he could in the starlight. "See the I. C. C. on the button? It must be Corporal Foss's!"

There was a moment of silence.

"I know, Lieutenant André, what you are thinking," began Knox. "I still maintain that Corporal Foss had nothing to do with this affair. We have found the hat, now let us find the corporal. Sergeant Dow! You are the senior here, pay attention to me! A British sergeant has been set upon here, mistreated, thrown into the water, and robbed of his hat. Suspicion rests upon this detachment, but I am positive none of my men did it. Get your guns and scour these fields. Let no one, other than this officer, cross the bridge in either direction!"

"A British sergeant thrown into the water?" cried the three Americans. "And his hat stolen? No such of a thing!"

"I tell you it's so. I saw him with my own eyes. In his weakened condition he's liable to die! The men who did it can't be far. Meanwhile, look about for Corporal Foss. I'm sure he had nothing to do with it, but he may help us, especially since his hat was found here. Now, Lieutenant, have you any other suggestions?"

"No, Colonel," replied André, "other than that we may as well return to the inn and see how the victim is getting along."

"I agree with you. Sergeants, do your duty. One of you get the muskets, the other two stay here. Report to me at once with any news. Lieutenant, when you are ready!"

They went slowly back across the fields, Colonel Knox still carrying the Cadet hat. By the time they reached the inn the fire had been renewed, and a table before it was garnished in evident readiness for supper.

"How is the sergeant coming out of his chill, landlord?" asked Colonel Knox.

"Very well, sir. I gave him some medicine. Good medicine. So now he is asleep."

"Well, wake him up," said André, "and if his clothes are dry, tell him we must return to camp."

"No, no," protested Colonel Knox. "Let the poor lad have a comfortable night. The landlord will see to it that he is aroused in time in the morning."

"I regret," said the British officer, "that I have no money to defray—"

"Tut!" said Knox quickly. "Never think of it! You and your men are the guests of the embattled colonies. They will pay for your sergeant's lodging."

"That is very kind of you," stammered Lieutenant André, after some hesitation. "I am sorry I cannot pay for this myself, but I have drawn no pay in months, nor have my men, and what little they brought with them or could earn by selling buttons and buckles, they have spent for food long ere now."

"We haven't been paid, either," replied Colonel Knox, "but I think things will be better from now on. I have news that the Congress has secured funds, and my detachment is to be paid when we reach Springfield and civilization once again. I am sure that those responsible for your convoy will be able to better provide for it from now on. Meanwhile, let us see what our host has to offer. Landlord, set another place at table. Lieutenant André is to be my guest at dinner!"

"No, no! Colonel, I cannot accept. Much as I would like to, to do so would be a violation of my parole. No, Colonel, I must return to camp. To say that I appreciate your kindness, not only to me but to my sergeant, would be superfluous. You know I do. I hope, when the fortunes of war change, to be able to return it to you."

"Did you say 'when' and not 'if'?" smiled Knox.

Lieutenant André waved his hand in a gesture that included everything, from colonies without industry or trade, friendless and penniless, to an undisciplined, ununiformed, unpaid army of boys such as those in Kinderhook that night.

"How can these misguided colonies," he asked, "hope to oppose the righteous anger of the great British nation, once aroused? I foresaw, on my journey from Philadelphia to Quebec to join my regiment, that this uprising was (Continued on page 56)



"What are you trying to do, Ed, a fan dance?"

"No . . . it's this underwear of mine. It's sawing me in half."

"Well, why don't you do something about it—like changing to Arrow Underwear with the Seamless Crotch?"

If your underwear is making an unwilling shimmy dancer out of you, by all means change to underwear that is completely comfortable. Change to Arrow Underwear!

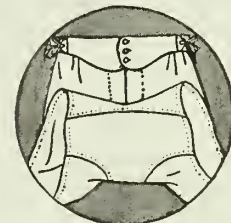
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PRESENTATION

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Among the finest sherries that Spain has produced, the quality of Diamond Jubilee has ranked a favorite for almost a century. To the ancient cellars where this precious product is stored, kings and princes have journeyed. In every sense, Diamond Jubilee is a royal wine!



DIAMOND JUBILEE WITH AFTER-DINNER SMOKES

Mellow, rich and full-bodied—neither over-sweet nor overly dry—Diamond Jubilee Sherry is the perfect answer to "What wine will blend with the after-dinner smokes?". Before dinner, with dinner, after dinner—Diamond Jubilee Sherry is *always* an excellent choice. Isn't it a good plan to make it your *first* choice?



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Drama on Capitol Hill

(Continued from page 20)

action of the President and the House, National Commander Hayes made a thrilling automobile ride through a snowstorm in the mountains of Pennsylvania on the night preceding the vote. He had left Washington to speak at several cities in Pennsylvania on the preceding Sunday evening. He was speaking in Scranton when he was advised by telephone that the Senate would vote on the veto on the following day. After finishing his address at Scranton, Mr. Hayes and his secretary, Boyd Stutler, started at midnight in an automobile driven by Otto Messner, Commander of the Pennsylvania Department. Snow began to fall thickly as they drove for hours over the winding mountain roads. Ice formed on the windshield of the car. The party reached Harrisburg at 4 A. M. and Mr. Hayes and Mr. Stutler immediately boarded a train for Washington. They arrived in Washington at daybreak. Mr. Hayes proceeded to the Capitol.

ON THE day before he reached Washington, Mr. Hayes addressed to Representative Gordon Browning of Tennessee a letter setting forth the Legion's arguments in behalf of the bill which the President had vetoed. Mr. Hayes requested Mr. Browning, in view of the short time remaining before the vote in the House, to have this letter read to the House before it voted on the veto, in order that members might be informed of the reasons on which the Legion based its plea that the law be enacted regardless of the veto. By an action believed unprecedented in the history of either House, Commander Hayes' request was carried out. The letter was read aloud in open session by the clerk of the House. Representatives applauded it.

Mr. Hayes had demonstrated to both the House and Senate on earlier occasions his intimate familiarity with all the points covered by the bill. On January 25th he appeared before the Senate Sub-Committee on Appropriations along with the Vice-Chairman of the National Legislative Committee. He had been granted fifteen minutes in which to present the Legion's case, but his presentation was so clear and informative that the sub-committee kept him at the hearing for two days. It was this presentation and the evidence and testimony supplied to the Senate and House by the National Legislative Committee and National Rehabilitation Committee which influenced so favorably the final action in both houses. Coupled with it was the great volume of reports on the workings of the Economy Act which came to the individual Senators and Representatives from their home States and districts.

From the moment the Economy Act was enacted on March 20, 1933, the Legion had carried on its activities to analyze and interpret the effects of that law upon the service-connected cases in which compensa-

tion had been reduced or taken away. The Act called for savings of \$460,000,000 annually in its original form, but largely upon evidence presented by the Legion it was modified by Congressional enactments and the issuance of Executive Orders and regulations which restored to disabled men \$117,000,000 of the amount originally taken away from them.

From the time the Economy Act was passed, the Legion focused attention upon the particular injustices it had wrought upon both the men admittedly suffering from disabilities in war service and those who had been accorded a presumption that their disabilities were service connected for the reason that they were shown to have incurred a mental or nervous disease or tuberculosis before January 1, 1925.

The opponents of veterans' compensation had declared repeatedly that they did not wish to reduce the pay of men conclusively shown to be suffering from service-connected disabilities. Taking them at their word, the Legion had formulated as the first point on its Four Point Program the restoration of these men to the payments they had received prior to the passage of the Economy Act.

The Government, as the result of injustices demonstrated in the operation of the Economy Act relating to the presumptives, had designated Boards of Review last year to pass upon each individual case. The boards had rated 29,000 of these cases as non-service-connected. They were to have been stricken from the rolls, but later the President issued an Executive Order retaining them upon the rolls until their cases could be reviewed once more by a specially appointed Board of Appeals. The rules made for the guidance of these appeals boards, however, were not radically different from those made for the Boards of Review, and it was evident that the burden of proof would still rest harshly upon the claimants, thousands of whom are suffering from advanced stages of tuberculosis and serious mental disorders. The Legion's demand that these men be restored to the rolls as service connected and that removal from the rolls be made only on proof of non service connection by the Government was another point of the Legion's Four Point Program.

IT WILL be recalled that Edward A. Hayes before his election as National Commander had a leading role in drafting the Four Point Program. The program which Mr. Hayes and other rehabilitation leaders drew up was approved by representative Legion meetings in all sections of the country before it was formally given as a mandate to the National Legislative Committee by the Chicago national convention. Mr. Hayes then, as National Commander, had as the principal objective of his year the enactment into law of the pro-

gram which he had first helped originate.

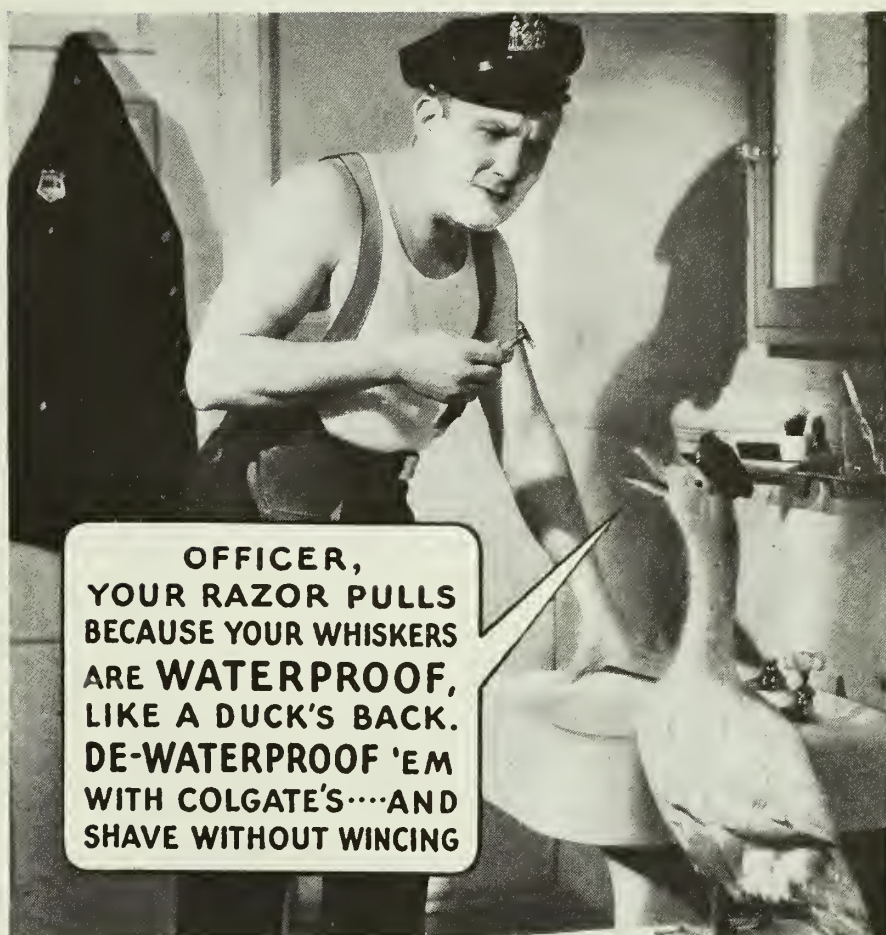
To all parts of the United States Mr. Hayes carried the message of the Four Point Program. The explanations of that program which he made in his addresses in dozens of States solidified Legion sentiment for the measure, and when Congress assembled in new session on January 3d it found a united Legion petitioning for the early enactment of its program. But desire and attainment are two different things. It was only by fortunate developments and by taking advantage of lucky breaks that the Legion was able to break through the barriers of official opposition to its program. This, after word had gone forth at the beginning of the session of Congress that no veterans' legislation was to be enacted. The President was willing, it was said, to make some further modifications of the Economy Act by issuing new Executive Orders. The National Commander and the National Legislative Committee, however, had been instructed by the National Executive Committee at its November meeting to seek fulfillment of the Four Point Program by law and not by orders and regulations.

JUST before Congress convened the National Legislative Committee prepared the bill embodying the Four Point Program. Copies of this were sent to all Legion Departments with the request that Senators and Representatives in each State be asked to sponsor the measure. Therefore when Congress met, fifty-nine Representatives introduced this identical bill. The bill was referred to the House Veterans Affairs Committee. At the same time, the measure was introduced in the Senate by Senator George of Georgia and Senator Reed of Pennsylvania.

It was evident that official opposition could impede or block consideration of the Legion measure in both House and Senate under ordinary procedure. There was, however, an extraordinary way to insure prompt consideration, and the Legion took it. The Independent Offices Appropriation Bill was about to be acted upon. It had the right of way. If the Legion measure could be attached to that bill, no opposition by party leaders could block its consideration.

The Legion waited until the House passed the Appropriations Bill with amendments and sent it to the Senate for consideration. Then the Legion bill was re-introduced in the Senate as an amendment to the Appropriations Bill and was referred to the Senate sub-committee on appropriations for hearings.

At this stage, defeat threatened for Legion strategy. The sub-committee, headed by Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, decided by a vote of 5 to 4 that the Legion bill was not germane to the Appropriations measure. The question was carried to the full Appropriations committee. This ruled by a vote of 12 to 10 that the Legion bill was germane and should be considered. (Continued on page 44)



OFFICER,
YOUR RAZOR PULLS
BECAUSE YOUR WHISKERS
ARE WATERPROOF,
LIKE A DUCK'S BACK.
DE-WATERPROOF 'EM
WITH COLGATE'S...AND
SHAVE WITHOUT WINCING



What makes whiskers hard to cut—and shaving difficult? Just this—every single whisker you own is wrapped in a tough, waterproof jacket of oil.

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You can't do that with most shaving creams. For most shaving creams froth up into *big-bubble* lather—bubbles so big they don't get *close* to every whisker.



But Colgate's *isn't* a "big bubble" shave cream. Colgate's whips into millions of tiny, *little bubbles*, so small that myriads of them crowd *close* around every whisker.



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Then they *soak* each whisker *soft*—wilt it—take all the fight out of it—make it a set-up for your razor. Just try Colgate's, and see for yourself. You'll find that you get a better shave. Buy Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream now—the large 35c tube is now only 25c.

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COLGATE'S
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Let me
de-waterproof
your whiskers—
and make
shaving a cinch!

Drama on Capitol Hill

(Continued from page 43)

When the Appropriations Bill was reported on the floor of the Senate, Senator Byrnes of South Carolina, regarded as Administration spokesman, proposed a series of veterans' amendments which represented deviations from the Legion's program. Senator Steiwer of Oregon and Senator McCarran of Nevada proposed amendments which represented the Legion's wishes. The debate on the amendments lasted many days. The Senate finally approved twelve amendments affecting veterans and appointed conferees who should attempt to reconcile any differences between the Senate and House forms of the bill.

The Senate amendments, it quickly became apparent, were so much more liberal than the House amendments that their liberality represented a very real threat to final success. They would have restored presumptives to the rolls at 100 percent of former payments. They went far in according new rights to the so-called misconduct cases, as well as to widows who had remarried and men enlisted after the Armistice. Senator Joseph Robinson of Arkansas, floor leader, had declared on the floor of the Senate that the President would veto any Appropriations bill containing amendments with these provisions.

At this point, the Legion program en-

countered a second serious threat. When the Appropriations measure was brought up again on the floor of the House, Representative Connery of Massachusetts moved that the House recede and concur in the Senate amendments. This motion came perilously close to passing. When the roll was called it was found that 190 Representatives had voted for the Connery motion, 189 against it. While the vote was being checked, however, Representative Kennedy of New York changed his vote from yes to no and thus the Connery motion was lost. Then the House adopted the Taber amendments.

Repeated conferences were held by the conferees of the House and Senate in the effort to reconcile differences between these two sets of amendments, and each branch long stood out to preserve its own program.

For days, while the country watched, the conferees of the two branches debated the differences between the Steiwer-McCarran amendments of the Senate and the Taber amendments of the House. Meanwhile Legion posts and Departments, influenced by appeals from the National Legislative Committee, began sending to their Senators and Representatives urgent pleas that the House insist upon the Taber amendments, on the ground that these

amendments could withstand all assaults from opponents, and could be expected to prevail over a veto if necessary.

On March 22d the House definitely turned its back on the Senate Amendments by a vote of 220 to 174. The end of the Legion's long fight was now in sight. All that remained was acceptance of the House amendments by the Senate. This came swiftly. The Senate passed the compromise measure by a vote of 48 to 39. The House concurred in this action and the bill was sent to the President for approval or disapproval. This was on March 26th.

What happened after the bill reached the President is history. The action of both House and Senate in over-riding the veto constituted the attainment of three of the points of the Legion's Four Point Program, definitely vindicated the Legion's policy of seeking modifications of the Economy Act on behalf of men undeniably suffering from service disabilities, established beyond doubt that the nation is unwilling to have the disabled veteran singled out to bear a disproportionate share of the burden of financial sacrifice in the name of national recovery. And, most important, it definitely established that Congress is determined to maintain its legislative authority over all matters pertaining to the rights and benefits of World War veterans.

The Three R's of Well-Being

(Continued from page 6)

Veterans Bureau hospitals, the Legion camp offered refuge to many who would have found proper treatment or hospital care impossible to obtain.

The long-fought battle of the Legion to procure legislation liberalizing the hospitalization of tubercular veterans having met with success in 1925, the task undertaken by the Camp in the emergency was properly shifted to the more substantial shoulders of Uncle Sam, and the Mountain Camp, in the spring of 1926, reverted to its original purpose. It became a real convalescent home.

For the past eight years, complying with the policy of the Board of Directors that the Camp must operate strictly within its income, it has been possible for the Legion to give this service to its sick and less fortunate comrades only during the summer months. Each season between the months of May and November two hundred and fifty veterans are received at the Convalescent Camp and cared for free of charge. These veterans are men who served honorably during the World War and who now are in need of rest and recuperation on account of illness.

Among the number are many who have taken the cure in one of our Government

hospitals and who have reached a stage of arrest of their disease. They come to the Camp each summer for what might be termed a post-graduate course staying from four to six weeks so that they may return to their employment better equipped to meet the demands made upon them. A study of these cases reveals the fact that there is nothing more beneficial to the arrested case of tuberculosis than an annual rest of four to six weeks.

It might be supposed by some that the Camp is merely a duplication of Veterans Bureau hospitals. It is not. The work of the Camp supplements the efforts of the Bureau in some types of cases admitted, but in the majority it is offering the ounce of prevention rather than the pound of cure. The majority of cases come to the Camp from their homes or from hospitals following acute attacks of bronchitis, pneumonia, pleurisy, stomach disorders, influenza and many other debilitating diseases.

It is the purpose of the Convalescent Camp to rebuild lost tissue, revitalize and rehabilitate the body with rest, nourishing food, fresh air, sunshine and recreation. To this end a physician and a nurse are part of the Camp personnel during the

active period of operation, and their task is to send the patient home in better health and prepared to tackle his or her daily tasks.

It has been strikingly demonstrated that there is an urgent need for such a convalescent camp for veterans, as each year finds a gradual increase in the number of applications. Legionnaires of the State of New York may well be proud of the effort of their Department to lend a helping hand to our sick and disabled comrades through the facilities of its Convalescent Camp. It is the ambition of the Camp President, Attorney General John J. Bennett, Jr., of the State of New York, and a former Department Commander, to increase the services of the Camp to those for whom it was established.

Accordingly, he has urged every man in the Legion who can do so to contribute to its support and he has called upon every post in the Department to conduct during the year at least one social function the proceeds from which can be contributed to the Camp Endowment Fund. Although there has been a gradual increase in the Endowment Fund over the past eight years, yet the income from that fund is hardly sufficient to operate the Camp dur-

ing the summer season. As a result, the institution must depend upon contributions from its friends, from the sale of poppies and from the collection of coupons in order to make up the amount needed to pay all operating expenses.

Any Legionnaire or member of the Auxiliary using any of the following products, by clipping the coupon and sending it to the Camp can help in this work of caring for the sick. The products are: *Kirkman Soap Products*, including Kirkman's Borax Soap, Kirkman's Soap Powder, Kirkman's Cleanser, Kirkman's Soap Chips, Kirkman's Floating Soap, Kirkman's Softener; *Octagon Soap Products*, including Octagon Soap, Octagon Soap Powder, Octagon Scouring Cleanser, Octagon Floating Soap, Octagon Soap Chips, Octagon Toilet Soap; *Borden's Premium Brands*, including Magnolia Condensed Milk, Star Condensed Milk, Darling Condensed Milk, Challenge Condensed Milk, Pearl Evaporated Milk, Silver Cow Evaporated Milk.

Any post or Auxiliary unit, individual or organization may be enrolled as a member of the Mountain Camp Life Sustaining League by a contribution of ten dollars or more. Membership in this League will bring to the donor a beautifully engraved Membership Certificate.

In addition to the convalescent feature of the Camp there is also a delightful spot available for Legionnaires and members of their families who wish to come to the Adirondacks for their vacations. In the operation of this area of the Camp the Legion of the Department of New York is co-operating with the New York State officials to encourage New Yorkers to use the Adirondack Park for their summer holiday.

Situated just one mile from the Convalescent Area is Paradise Point, a summer resort on a par with the best in the Adirondacks. Beautiful cottages, comfortably equipped, are available to the Legionnaire, his wife and children at very nominal cost. Here the vacationists are housed and fed under the supervision of the Camp officials. Naturally, only the best of wholesome food is served and every effort is made to make a vacation there something that will always be remembered.

The Legion guests of this part of the Camp, being in good health and in the earning class, pay their way and by so doing make an indirect contribution toward the cost of operating the entire institution. The Recreation Area is located on the lake shore and offers every facility for bathing, boating, excellent fishing and other activities.

Applications for both convalescents and vacationists may be procured by writing direct to The American Legion Mountain Camp, Tupper Lake, New York. While the New York State Camp is an institution operated by and intended for the use of Legionnaires of the Department of New York, the officials of the Camp are always glad to extend their hospitality to Legionnaires from other Departments.

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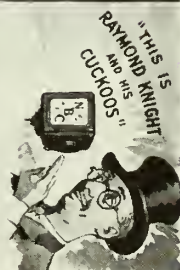
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Every Wednesday evening
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coast to coast.

— and here's your chance to
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All better dealers, garages, and service stations have an AC Spark Plug Cleaner, and are registered as Official Cleaning Stations. They can clean your spark plugs—like new—for only 5¢ a plug. Be sure, when they clean your spark plugs by the AC method, that you get a Free Car Contest Entry Blank. You may win a brand new Ford, Plymouth, or Chevrolet.

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**three-shot autoloader in
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Some call it "the aristocrat of shotguns." It is . . . in everything but price. Light, fast, beautifully balanced, it lifts smoothly with your arm and holds with deadly accuracy. And its glossy black barrel and decorated receiver, its hand checkered stock and fore-end, give the "Sportsman" a sleek, proud appearance.

For a perfect combination, choose Shur Shot Skeet Loads for your Sportsman, the most popular of low-priced shells. Kleanbore, of course . . . and that means **NO GUN CLEANING!** We also make the famous Chamberlin Traps and Blue Rock Targets. For complete information, write for Folder 154. Remington Arms Co., Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.



THE SPORTSMAN

KLEANBORE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SHUR SHOT SHELLS

Power Aloft

(Continued from page 15)

movement of foodstuffs and troops, and rendering useless the airdromes and defensive fortifications. Munitions plants, aircraft and engine factories and supply depots would, likewise, be primary objects for attack during the opening stages of hostilities. The results of such bombardment would be far more effective than the shattering of a few skyscrapers. Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Charleston, Savannah, Jacksonville, Miami, New Orleans, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle present similar targets along the coast.

Just as the Navy serves as the first line of defense in our whole scheme of national defense, the Air Corps is the first line of our land defenses. Like the Navy, an air force that is not in existence at the outbreak of war cannot be brought into being until too late to exercise its tremendous power during the early stages of hostilities, when it would be of greatest effect. It will make the first contact for the Army against an enemy in the air, on the ground or aloft. Its state of preparedness during the early stages of a war before ground forces have made contact might well be the decisive factor in determining the outcome. The proposed program for the Army and Navy constitutes the minimum considered necessary for adequate air power to insure defense of our country in time of peace.

Military strategists see a definite swing away from the tremendous and ponderous combat forces which have characterized campaigns of the past century. The trend is toward relatively mobile, highly trained and very powerful, although somewhat smaller, formations. The airplane fits admirably into the new scheme. Stripped of its glamor and its mystery, the airplane is nothing more than a new weapon whose speed, maneuverability and striking power are greater than that of any other weapon yet perfected. It extends the effective range of forces at sea and on land, but it is still a long way from rendering armies or navies obsolete.

Attack planes, those vicious-looking, low-flying ground strafers bristling with machine guns and loaded with fragmentation bombs, do not render artillery and machine gun fire obsolete, but they do extend the range of those weapons tremendously. Seldom will attack aviation be used against the front lines, but rather against reserves coming up 25 to 200 miles behind the lines. Enemy airdromes and anti-aircraft emplacements are their assignments to clear the way for bombardment squadrons and make life easier for the fighting pursuits. Adequate attack aviation will force the enemy to move troops only at night, breaking up and demoralizing the movement of reserves to the battlefield. Our latest attack plane, the Curtiss Shrike, has a 200-mile-an-hour speed with

a load of 10 to 20 fragmentation bombs and six machine guns, four firing directly forward and two on flexible mounts for defense against hostile aircraft. Here is a whole new branch of military aviation developed since the World War. The Germans had the only specially designed attack plane in the war; and the war was almost over before attack aviation functioned as a unit for the Allies.

Bombardment aviation provides the Big Berthas of the air with range and effectiveness beyond that of any earthbound gun. Our latest Martin and Boeing bombers can take off with more than a ton of demolition bombs (over 50 percent TNT), climb to 20,000 feet and streak toward an objective 500 miles away at a speed of 200 miles an hour, drop their cargo and return to their home base. Bristling with machine guns, a bombardment formation of eighteen planes can deliver from 100,000 to 150,000 rounds per minute against an attacking force. From the time an anti-aircraft shell is fired, such a bomber will travel 4,000 feet. As a further protection, the bombers depend upon low-flying attack squadrons to silence anti-aircraft fire on the ground and upon swift flying pursuit planes to fight off enemy planes attacking from the air. Bombardment is recognized as the basic air arm. Pursuit, attack and observation are supplementary arms in carrying out the bombardment mission.

Destroyers, aircraft carriers and transports would be seriously damaged by a 300-pound bomb and probably sunk by a 600-pound bomb. Cruisers call for 1,100 pound missiles, while battleships, massive concrete bridges and other formidable targets force the bombers to carry the largest practical bomb in use today, the 2,000-pound unit. Experiments have been carried out with bombs weighing 4,000 pounds, but the present tendency is toward faster planes carrying several of the smaller units. Bombardment aviation has shown tremendous progress during the last few years, the new bombers outstripping the swift pursuits of a few years ago.

Observation aviation has vastly changed the character of surface warfare. It has virtually eliminated the possibility of collision of hostile forces on land or sea not deployed for battle. It has doubled the effectiveness of long range fire by artillery or surface craft by checking hits and radiating invaluable information on the movement of hostile forces. Through the use of aerial photography, observation aviation furnishes a virtual blueprint of enemy sectors. The latest observation planes, fitted with machine guns for self-defense and designed for speeds of from 178 to 220 miles an hour, are a far cry from the old war crates, the first of which appeared without any armament whatsoever.

Fighting calls for specialized planes with speed, high ceiling and great maneuver-

ability. Our latest pursuits, the Army's nomenclature for fighting planes, are pushing up toward speeds of 250 miles an hour or more, with equipment to carry their contests with hostile attackers to the edge of the stratosphere. Pursuit aviation concentrates on the destruction of hostile aircraft in flight. Its mission is accomplished if bombardment, attack and observation forces can operate freely without excessive losses.

Naval aviation as we know it today has been developed almost in its entirety since the World War. Although experimental flights were made from a crudely constructed platform mounted on a cruiser as early as 1910, naval aviation's chief task during the World War was the patrolling of coastal waters in search of enemy submarines. The result was the development of patrol flying boats, climaxed by the construction of the NC boats which made the first crossing of the Atlantic after the war. It was not until 1921, after nine years of experimentation, that the first service catapults were installed on vessels of the fleet. The catapults, their compressed air charges hurling planes into the air at a 90 miles-an-hour speed gained within a few feet, made possible scouting and observation planes for the restricted decks of cruisers and battleships.

Conversion of the old collier *Jupiter* in 1921 gave us our first aircraft carrier, the *Langley*. Two big battle cruisers planned at the end of (Continued on page 48)

THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION
February 28, 1934

Assets

Cash, on hand and on deposit.....	\$	22,024.94
Notes and accounts receivable.....		31,383.55
Inventory of emblem merchandise....		28,679.79
Invested funds.....		749,789.40
Permanent investments:		
Legion Publishing Corporation.....	\$440,796.14	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust.....	174,123.55	614,919.69
Improved real estate.....		125,000.00
Furniture and fixtures, less reserve for depreciation.....		37,346.11
Deferred charges.....		18,870.79
		<u>\$1,628,014.27</u>

Liabilities

Notes and accounts payable.....	\$	156,941.25
Funds restricted as to use.....		14,490.06
Mortgage payable.....		95,000.00
Irrevocable trust:		
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust.....	174,123.55	
Reserve for investment valuation....		123,675.09
		<u>\$ 564,229.95</u>

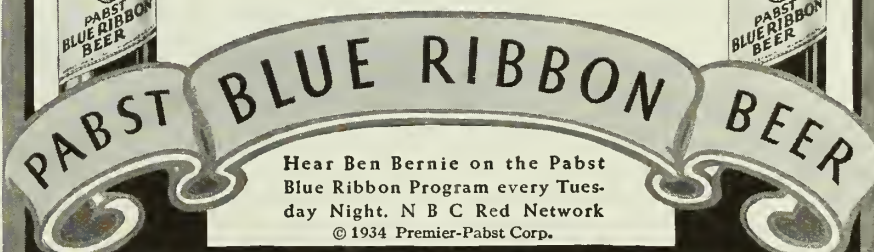
Net Worth:		
Restricted capital....	\$698,818.26	
Unrestricted capital....	364,966.06	1,063,784.32
		<u>\$1,628,014.27</u>

FRANK E. SAMUEL, *National Adjutant*



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Power Aloft

(Continued from page 47)

the war were subsequently converted into the aircraft carriers *Lexington* and *Saratoga*. After they were completed in 1927, the Navy sent its "flying fleet" to sea on the backs of the surface vessels. Seventy-two fighting, bombing-torpedo, scouting and auxiliary planes normally operate from each of the big carriers, although they have carried as high as 120 planes. All battleships are supplied with three operating planes, 8-inch cruisers with four, 6-inch cruisers with two, and the *Langley* with twenty-nine. The *Ranger*, scheduled for service this year, is the first aircraft carrier built for that purpose from the keel up. Some naval experts claim that the United States should have from 14 to 18 aircraft carriers for a balanced Navy. Under treaty limitations, we are allowed 14 vessels fitted with landing decks including flying-deck cruisers and aircraft carriers. We will have four at the end of 1934 and one of them, the *Langley*, is obsolete. Great Britain has five; Japan, four.

Naval aviation requires an unusually high degree of skill. Planes on the aircraft carriers reach their flying field on an elevator, take off and land on a deck only 400 feet long, one end of which may be rising or falling 20 feet. Only two fatalities have occurred in more than 40,000 landings and take-offs from the restricted platforms of the carriers since 1922, and not a single life has been lost on battleships or cruisers due to malfunctioning of the catapults.

Even greater skill is required for operation from the Navy's only aerial aircraft carrier, the airship *Macon*. Like her sister-

ship, the ill-fated *Akron*, the *Macon* has five Curtiss Sparrow Hawk fighters housed within her hull. They are swung from their marsupial hangar on a trapeze-like structure and launched into flight. When the planes return to hook on, the pilots' skill gets its severest test, for the contact must be made while the airship is in motion. The five fighters supplement numerous machine guns, bristling from all quarters of the huge airship, to ward off attacks while on long-range reconnaissance.

CRITICS of the military and naval air services point to the fact that Italy, France and Great Britain have maintained a corner on the world's records for speed, altitude and distance during recent years. The annual Congressional "inquisition" into the status of our air power, during which officers are required to reveal the innermost secrets of the services with the result that the whole world knows the most minute details of our tactical progress and performance, never fails to bring up this question of world records. The answer is, and always will be, that our combat airplanes are the products of a compromise of speed, ceiling and range combined with structural strength and ability to carry armament.

Within the narrow limits that were set by the tightened Congressional purse strings of the last decade, the spending of millions of dollars for record-breaking planes has been left to other nations. The bills for the world speed record alone, footed by Great Britain and later by Italy, have exceeded \$20,000,000. All Americans hope that we, too, may be able to afford to

enter the race again when we are no longer frostbitten by economic considerations.

France, which unquestionably has the largest air force in the world today, has two airplanes in her air force for every one of ours in the Army and Navy. Yet I do not know a single well-informed American observer who would be willing to swap our air equipment for that of France on an even trade. It is no idle patriotic boast to say that the aircraft in our Army and Navy are equal or better than those of any other nation. But we lack numbers both in aircraft and personnel to insure an adequate air arm for defense. We stand second or third among the nations in Air Power, but we cannot expect to retain even that position very long. France alone is preparing to spend \$65,000,000 a year for three years on new military aircraft in addition to her regular air budget of \$106,610,000. Other powers, particularly Japan and Soviet Russia, have vast air programs under way.

The new aircraft construction programs recommended to Congress for our Army and Navy represent the barest minimum necessary for an adequate defense. The new program, if backed by sufficient Congressional appropriations for the next five years, will give us an adequate air defense establishment by 1940. It takes only one year of inactivity in the field of aircraft research and construction for a nation to fall into a position of hopeless inferiority. We cannot overlook the vast potentialities of air forces in future warfare, and it is none too soon for us to shake off the lethargy which has kept our Army and Navy from providing an adequate air arm for national defense.

Come South, Young Man

(Continued from page 19)

high as seven men. There wasn't any jail in these parts at that time, and I had to take all my prisoners by water to Key West." The magnitude of that job may be gauged by the fact that the present-day direct railroad consumes more than one hundred and fifty miles between the two cities. What it must have been by water, the small boat laden with resentful convicts skirting through the innumerable keys and shoals, is not a fit subject for contemplation by a nervous man.

A generation later saw Miami still definitely a frontier town in all the applications of the early movies to the word. After the turn of the century, professional bad men were being run out of the wild and woolly West with discouraging enthusiasm on the part of the authorities, and these desperados decided that Miami would be ideal for their purposes. Unfortunately

for themselves, they overlooked two points. One was that the Everglades were more noted than the Royal Northwest Mounties for always getting their man, and the other that citizen juries, after taking a couple of days off to officiate in cases, made a bad habit of finding for the most serious charge possible. The bad men went away—a lucky few operating under their own power.

The year 1896 was a momentous one for Miami. It saw it attain its dignity as an incorporated city, and it witnessed its connection with the populous north by railroad.

The railroad angle was undoubtedly the more important for material and permanent reasons. In 1896, Henry M. Flagler had brought his railroad as far south as St. Augustine and was resting on his laurels, since there could assuredly be

nothing but wilderness beyond this; but this was not the idea of Mrs. Julia Tuttle.

Mrs. Tuttle, pioneer woman settler of the then Fort Dallas, had been simultaneously buying huge tracts of land and working on Mr. Flagler to push his railroad down the more than three hundred miles to "the southernmost mainland city in the United States," but Mr. Flagler was for years adamant. Then Mrs. Tuttle sent him up a great bouquet of orange blossoms to prove to him the beauties of South Florida, and Mr. Flagler capitulated almost at once. This looks to the suspicious eye to have a bit too much of the George-Washington-and-the-cherry-tree touch, but it appears to be well authenticated.

As for the incorporation, 343 voters met, changed Fort Dallas to the city of Miami, and then sat down to enact. Their very

first enactment was in line with the traditional one taken by newly-formed city councils—a protest to Washington. It was demanded that the postoffice be transferred from the south bank of the Miami River to the north bank. The Government proved affable and the site was changed.

The hectic land boom is too ripe in memory to need amplification. The scars of battle of those glorious lush days when every man was a Colonel Sellers in his own right still are visible, but the passage of nearly a decade has served to kill the pain. And why not? Easy come, easy go. While there were strong basic reasons for sound development, the whole nation joyously joined Florida (for the boom spread swiftly to St. Petersburg and other west coast cities) in an orgy of buying and selling unseen property. Many a promoter or an investor entered on a shoestring and a handsome set of engraved certificates, and emerged with perhaps a shoestring and a different set of engraved certificates. But they and everybody else had a wonderful time and lived high while realty deeds were fluttering through the air like moths on a warm New England evening. And it is not given to all of us to be able to prove that there was a time—even on paper—when we were millionaires.

Those of you who drive down the east coast (from Jacksonville to Miami is approximately 360 miles) may notice some magnificent but vacant clubhouse or hotel or series of elaborately carved stone gateways, proclaiming the entrance to El Dorado Buena Vista, but leading into nothing except a tangle of scrub palmettos and jungle. Then, when you reach Miami, you may discover that the man who draws your beer owned the hotel or that the president of the country club is selling you cigarettes over a counter, or that El Dorado Buena Vista is owned by some little old lady in central Illinois who has never been a hundred miles from home.

But when the Great Craziiness subsided, leaving a few fortunes and many burned fingers, there were at least two significant results. Miami had taken its place definitely as the metropolis of the South Atlantic coast and the aerial gateway to the Caribbean and South America, for more foreign-booked passengers arrive here by plane than at any other port in the United States.

The second outcome was just as important, if not so obvious until later. It is a little trite these days to call our country the Melting Pot of Europe, but the cosmopolitan nature of Miami today certainly warrants a claim for it as the melting pot of the United States. For it is a city that forty-eight States helped to build and where transplantees from forty-eight States are living today.

A "native Miamian" is about as hard to locate as a Pilgrim Father's son in Boston city politics (and the deep Southern drawl that you will hear now and again derives from Georgia). The first question invariably asked by (Continued on page 50)



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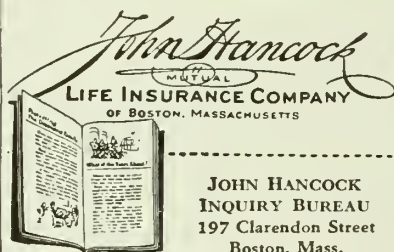
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CAR
to Raise
Your
PAY**

Come South, Young Man

(Continued from page 49)

strangers meeting is "Where you from?" and the answers will range all the way from Moosehead Lake to San Diego. Incidentally, there has lately been a considerable influx of residents from sunny Southern California, a fact which pleases the local newspapers no little. Wherever you delegates and visitors of the Legion's Sixteenth National Convention hail from, you're likely to find a next-town neighbor doing business right around the corner.

Men and women came from the farms of the Middle West to discover that their optimistically purchased "building lots" would be nothing but building lots for a long time to come, but that the soil was rich and hospitable to beans, peas (the two major crops), and other produce with which they were familiar. Mechanics came from the cities and towns, noted with a canny eye the ever-increasing influx of automobile traffic, and went into the garage business, studying the technicalities of the air motor in their spare time.

Folks who had "taken in boarders" up North came, put up a "Tourists accommodated" sign, and many of them later grew prosperous in the hotel business, for Miami and Miami Beach boast the largest hotel facilities in respect to city population in the United States.

Californians initiated their New England brethren into the secrets of raising citrus and other fruits, and now Miami is a nationally important center for the shipping of oranges, grapefruit, papaya, limes, pineapples and avocados. Men from the coastal sections of the country saw the possibilities for commercial fisheries, and are realizing well on them.

Meanwhile, the city was assuming its own definite place in the list of municipalities. With a sub-tropical climate and vegetation, it was almost inevitable that types of architecture should have been borrowed from our neighbors of southern Europe, with the Spanish and Italian styles predominating. The suburb and neighboring independent city of Coral Gables was laid out architecturally in its entirety before a stone was turned.

Miami faces Biscayne Bay and the Atlantic, but those who plotted the city avoided the mistakes so prevalent elsewhere. They filled in forty-three acres, thus creating a beautiful waterfront park and obviating the necessity of dealing later with slum districts and squatters.

So the skyline of Miami that you see from the ship is a real guarantee of the Miami that has been built. You do not approach it through mazes of murky warehouses or tangled trolley tracks and elevated structures. As soon as you step off the pier you are on the boulevard, and just the other side of the boulevard lies the business center of Miami.

Just so if you drive in from the north. For fifteen miles Miami extends its welcome with a hundred-foot highway, lined with royal palms, that ushers you straight to your hotel door. The buildings around here are high and clean and modern, and even the twenty-seven story court-house (with the jail on the nineteenth floor) is not as forbidding as courthouses so often are. I don't know about the nineteenth floor.

Looking eastward, three great causeways—the County, the Venetian and the Seventy-ninth Street—connect Miami to Miami Beach, fifteen miles of golden sand and clear blue water, with swimming safe and comfortable the year around, day or night. A plunge in the ocean after a working day or as an eye-opener before leaving for the office comes as naturally here as a shower bath to people elsewhere.

Miami Beach was just that, a beach—or, even more unappetizing to the investor, a mere sandspit extending into the ocean and connecting with the mainland up near Hollywood, some score of miles away—when Carl Fisher spied its possibilities and made and lost several tidy fortunes while he was buying, selling, pumping and dredging, but always building, building, building. When he and his associates got through they had created the South's premier winter playground.

Here are the swank waterfront hotels, overlooking either the open sea or Biscayne Bay. Here are the show place homes of the mighty in finance, and most of the gayest of the night clubs. Here is Indian Creek, where Gar Wood's various *Miss Americas* are tested, and homes and block after block of big apartment houses, a great number of which were constructed during the last season when the Beach went on another boom.

Nature lent the stepping stones to form the direction of the causeways, and man has rebuilt and remodeled them into habitable islands where homes are at a premium. But this isn't a real estate talk.

DRIVE back to Miami by the Dade County Causeway, and you may have the luck to greet an incoming liner from New York or Havana or Nassau, piloted along the channel so close to shore that you may recognize your friends on board and yell greetings to them. It's a pleasant habit in these parts. Here, too, are docked the aristocracy of yachtdom—and as I write this, I notice that Hutton's *Hussar*, built in Kiel, Germany, has just paid \$95,000 duty.

But of more interest to the average purse and mind is the fact that the causeway is the center of operations of the fishing fleet, and whoever hasn't fished in the Gulf Stream off Miami doesn't know the rudiments of what fishing is all about.

Charter one of these boats, and four of you, or six, or, at a pinch, eight, can make a grand and glorious day out of it with bait all furnished and the skipper's assistant doing the dirty work of baiting the hooks and unhooking the catch, while the seawise skipper himself pilots his craft to the spots favored by the big 'uns.

Out in the Gulf Stream live the sailfish and the marlin and the dolphin and a few shark and tarpon and plenty of barracuda, "the tiger of the sea," whose savage needle-toothed jaws as they are hauled protestingly over the side makes a man thankful he has the advantage of his own element in meeting the foe.

Catching these big babies requires a technique of its own, especially as regards sailfish, which is the top-notch of desirability and finicky in his behavior after he strikes, but the captain can enlighten you in a couple of minutes of instruction, and, if you do lose one, it happens to the most seawise of natives and there are plenty more left in the ocean.

Some days a combination of tide and wind or perhaps some sulkiness of their own will make it evident after a spell that the sail and his brothers of the royalty aren't in the mood to strike, in which case the captain will put-put a little closer to the mainland for the haunts of the grouper, the kingfish, amberjack, yellowtail and a dozen other varieties, some familiar to northern ears, some not.

And all good eating. Said a skipper friend of mine: "Anything that swims in the ocean can be et." I pointed out in my superior way that I'd never heard of jelly-fish served as a menu delicacy, to which he retorted: "He don't swim, he's just hefted." And I concede the victory to the skipper.

But some folks are averse to the motion of the sea, so let's go ashore again and, while we are getting our land legs, consider a few statistics. As a rule, statistics may mean nothing or mean what you want them to mean, but these are interesting.

In 1930, the Federal census gave the population of the city of Miami as 110,637, against 29,275 in 1920; Miami Beach 6,495 in 1930 and 644 ten years earlier; Coral Gables, 5,097 in 1930 and unlisted theretofore. In the way of bulk, these figures are not so impressive, but they show the trend of the tourist or casual visitor for making the metropolitan area his year-round-home. They showed enough to cause Joseph E. Widener to pour millions into Hialeah Park, which Damon Runyon and other sports experts pronounce the most beautiful race track in America and perhaps in the world, and they showed enough to cause Henry L. Doherty to pour millions more into his Florida-Year-Round-Clubs developments, and neither of these gentlemen nor those who have followed their example on a more modest scale have been noted as actually weeping in anguish.

It is traditional now for both the newcomer and the oldtimer to liken Miami's skyline to that of New York (in miniature

of course) and there is a distinct resemblance, but at first you will find a subtle something lacking, and then you'll discover that it is the absence of the ever-present pall of dirt and smoke that hangs over Manhattan.

When the weather report reads "fair" for Miami it means just that—blue skies looking down onto blue water and white buildings and green vegetation, generously sprinkled with gorgeous tropical flowers, for there is no period of the year at this southern tip of the Florida peninsula that something gaily colored isn't in bloom.

To the westward, beyond Coral Gables, lie the mysterious Everglades—a little less mysterious now that canals have been dug and farm lands reclaimed and a first rate road put through from coast to coast. If you have a bent toward natural history, a day's exploration will be an experience to remember, but don't make the mistake of venturing into those fastnesses without an experienced Seminole guide. No white man can track it unaided.

THIRTY-FIVE miles or so to the south the mainland breaks off into a long succession of keys all the way to Key West, the southernmost extremity. Key West is a picturesque old town, three-quarters Spanish, and if you have time at your disposal you may drive down with one break for a ferry or take the railroad direct. And even in the "out-of-season" time, when there is no direct service between Miami and Havana, there are regular Key West-Havana sailings.

But if your vacation is limited there is more than enough to do around and about Miami proper to keep you busy. In a country where there is nothing but summer the year round, there is nothing to give a man an excuse for letting his golf game get ragged, and there are ten excellent courses in Miami, Miami Beach, Coral Gables and Miami Springs.

Oh, we have about all the sports here for you that can be imagined with the exceptions of skiing and mountain climbing. No skiing, because the average monthly mean temperature ranges from 66.5 degrees in January to 81.4 in August. And no mountain climbing, because the highest elevation in all Florida is given as around 350 feet.

Tennis courts in plenty, too, and if your tastes are such that you'd rather watch somebody else doing the work and taking the punishment, you may stroll over to Biscayne Bay and inspect exciting boat races, which are a frequent occurrence in the summer and fall. (Local committees are hard at work right now arranging a schedule of activities, which will be communicated to you in due time. It's practically certain to include one good ring fight, for Harvey W. Seeds Post has its own arena and stages its own weekly boxing exhibitions in the heart of town.)

Early winter, of course, is when "the season" breaks wide open, but the convention will (Continued on page 52)

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City _____ State _____

Come South, Young Man

(Continued from page 51)

predate this, so all you delegates and visitors may miss out on the two horse tracks, the three greyhound tracks, all operated under the pari-mutuel betting system; the jai-alai (pronounced hi-li) game, which is reputed the fastest sport on earth and recruits its players from Cuba, South America and Spain, and other parts of the seasonal program. But there will be more than enough to make up for this.

Incidentally, while on the subject of pronunciation, remember that you are going to My-ammy, or, if you can slur it with just the proper delicacy My-ammuh, with the accent on the second syllable. Don't try to call it Mee-ah-mee or anything like that, or you will be branded as a yokel.

But first and foremost, the eye of Miami is in the sky and the heart and soul of Miami are in its aviation, for the city is firmly convinced that its destiny is to become the aerial gateway for commerce and

travel to Latin America. Already it has its Army and Coast Guard air bases, and the former stands an excellent chance of becoming an outstanding unit of national defense. The Coast Guard does just what it's there to do—guards the coast—and there are always planes and experienced fliers on hand to go out to locate overdue fishermen or foolhardy cruising parties. No alarm is too desperate and no weather too bad for the Coast Guard.

What brings on the chills and jitters to the small-income man is a visit to Miami's own two big airports and the horrible realization of all the wonderful places he could visit and the wonderful sights he could see, if—

You have, for example, come down from New York by Eastern Air Transport, a mere hop of fourteen hours, or from any other airport in the United States, and its ships come in with the regularity of express trains. In five years of existence E.A.T. has covered more than 18,000,000 miles,

carrying approximately 250,000 passengers and 3,500,000 pounds of air mail.

But here comes the rub, for at Miami the Pan American Airways is ready to pick up the easily tempted tourist and take him for a little junket of 22,500 miles (which would be his trip if he covered all operating mileage routes from Mexico on). Pan Am at last accounts had eighteen big planes based here, including the forty-passenger, seventeen-ton clipper ships, the world's largest commercial aircraft, and the calm way in which they roar out of the sky (usually on the dot) and taxi to their base in the bay is enough to drive a landlubber frantic.

This is just a brief sketch of the Magic City, and the howls that will go up from various chambers of commerce and other organizations for information that has been omitted will probably be prodigious.

Anyway, come as early as you can, stay as late as you can and join the growing band of the Original Discoverers of Miami.

School Days ~ All Too Few

(Continued from page 4)

in every State, that have suffered. The vicious circle of the depression—prostration of agriculture, business and industry, curtailment or cutting off of individual incomes, decreased buying power, the cutting down of community budgets because few people have been able to keep up tax payments—this has operated most cruelly in the field of education. There are a million more children of school age in the nation today than there were in 1930, but thirty thousand fewer teachers are giving them instruction. The school budget of the United States is 378 millions of dollars less per year than it was four years ago. And thousands upon thousands of teachers graduated from schools and colleges within the past four years have joined (with 30,000 experienced teachers already there) the ranks of the unemployed.

In past years we have heard much about the fads and frills of education, by which critics meant such courses as music, art, drawing, elocution, cooking, sewing, even manual training. Well, to a large extent the frill is gone, under the necessities of a bludgeoned budget. Meanwhile in the process of teaching the three R's, men and women are struggling with classes of fifty and sixty pupils, which is certainly not good for either instructors or children. I know personally of teachers (not in my own State of Pennsylvania but in a neighboring Commonwealth) who have had their salaries cut fifty percent and the money they receive is not United States currency but scrip, which is rather heavily discounted

when it is used to buy either goods or services.

You Legionnaires who are serving as school superintendents, members of boards of education, teachers and elected officials of towns know that the picture I have drawn is not exaggerated. Of course the schools are not alone in their sorry plight. The matter of keeping body and soul together for victims of the depression is an ever present problem. And not for a moment would I have any one think that I am putting educational needs ahead of food and shelter, for what will it profit a child to absorb culture if his body suffers the permanent impairment that malnutrition and poor shelter leave in their wake? Incidentally many a teacher could tell stories of heartbreaking experiences she has had with children coming to school without proper clothing and on empty stomachs.

Suppose that a State is unable to come to the aid of a town or city whose school system is breaking down. What then? Well, I think that we may here apply the analogy of 1917-18. No discrimination was made as to the States or communities in forging the armed forces of the nation. It was as one people that we went forward to victory. We should be united now in fighting through the depression. The national Government through the Public Works Administration has lent money to the States for the construction of school buildings and the Federal Emergency Relief Administration has paid salaries in some rural schools. But that has not proved sufficient. In a

crisis such as this direct aid in payment of teachers' salaries and in paying for the upkeep of many schools is necessary. Once the need for such action is established relief should be quick and adequate.

I know the objections that have been made to the Government's extending further aid to the States. But for a year now federal funds have been made available to farmers and other groups and are continuing to be made. The richer States, such as New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, California, Massachusetts and Ohio would very likely not have to apply for school aid, but they are the exceptions. I am told that Indiana has used a sales tax to good advantage in solving its school finance difficulties and that Michigan gets emergency school money from taxes on liquor. I am not advocating either of these methods for other States, mentioning them merely to bring up the point that no State should apply for help until honest efforts to carry on without outside aid have failed.

We of your Americanism Commission are perhaps closer to another phase of the problem of education than are most Legionnaires. I am referring to the aims and endeavors of subversive groups, particularly the communists, who would change the basic structure of American life. It is no secret that they regard the depression as a golden opportunity. Against their specious pleas we can point to the fact that through all the changes in American life effected since the adoption of the Constitution there has been no violent overthrowing of a

government regularly elected. That fact is a triumph of universal and free education. We have always believed, and the experience of the past four years strengthens the belief, that our Constitution offers the opportunity for any changes the majority of the people may wish to make in it. We have not had mob violence, and we don't want either communism or fascism. The greatest bulwark against these forces is universal and free education.

What can the local Legion post do to help out on an emergency school problem? Well, every post has an Americanism officer, and he is the man through whom the program of your Americanism Commission is carried out. He knows the authorities and should advise the post about any special needs that may arise. Some posts, faced with a school emergency, have rallied the voters to the polls or to town meetings and have succeeded in getting through extra appropriations to keep schools open or to reopen closed schools. Others have organized money-raising projects and turned the funds over to school authorities. In the State of Alabama Legionnaire petitions were responsible for a special session of the Legislature which appropriated funds to keep schools open. In Kentucky and in Wisconsin, to mention two States particularly, Legionnaires have done valiant work for the schools.

Your post Americanism officer is a pretty good man to know even when there is no emergency. To you he is probably the fellow who runs the Junior Baseball program and sees that Legionnaire speakers are provided for patriotic occasions. But there's a good deal more to his job than

that, for a great variety of community service and youth activities keep him on the job pretty continuously. P. S. He likes to be kept on the job.

We of the Commission are proud of the record of more than two million boys benefited by our Junior Baseball program over the past eight years. As for community service projects, the activities of posts as chronicled in the Legion Monthly is a continuing reminder of the fact that Legionnaires serve in peace with the same fidelity as they did in war. The record of what posts have done during such emergencies as fire, flood and earthquake is indeed an inspiring one, but the Legion is also on the job of relieving the more ordinary and unspectacular forms of distress, and it helps the youth of the nation through sponsorship of Boy Scout troops and in a thousand and one other ways. In all this work the Auxiliary has given efficient, intelligent aid—moral, physical and financial—and many a project that without them would have failed has been carried through with conspicuous success.

Your Americanism Commission believes all Legionnaires consider the education of the youth of the nation as one of our greatest responsibilities, ranked only by national defense and the care of our disabled comrades. May the Legion's example and influence help provide for every child as much education as he requires, and inspire the boys and girls of America with such a love of country that they will vow, as did the youths of ancient Athens, "This my native land I will not leave poorer, but greater and better than when it was handed on to me."

With the Army of the Tennessee

(Continued from page 27)

instead of in an old French barracks; the Sprinkle Building is equipped with steam heat and electric elevators, but all the other signs are familiar and unmistakable. The modern modifications are trivial—such as that matter of the license plates on the cars parked in front of headquarters. Instead of "USA" they read "TVA."

A former correspondent of *The Stars and Stripes*, the A. E. F.'s official newspaper, instantly feels thoroughly at home here. He puts in for an official car with a conducting officer, just as he used to do overseas. Ten minutes later he is chugging his way among the camions on a Route Nationale which leads north to the hottest sector of the Tennessee front.

Any minute he expects to see the Army of the Tennessee on the march, just ahead of these supply trucks. The camions are loaded with bedding, lumber, barrels of flour, gasoline, tools, explosives. Some of these supplies, says the conducting officer, are for CCC lads, who are grubbing in the woods and along the ridge roads. Other supplies are destined for the cantonments—towns of temporary buildings for the

workmen who are to construct the Norris Dam. That truck load of doors is headed for Norris. Concerning Norris there's more to relate later. It isn't in your Rand McNally yet, but it will be soon, for it's to be a permanent settlement. . . . How about the big buzz saw on the heavy truck? Likely it is on its way to the site of Norris Dam.

Less than an hour's run out of Knoxville we turn off the highway into a side road leading east. A few minutes more and we're right in the battle zone. What I mistake for engineer troops are road construction gangs working under pressure to get the chief heavy-hauling surfaces in good shape. Those tiny figures scattered over the wooded hillsides, the guide relates, are Civilian Conservation Corps workmen. Though they aren't directly under TVA authority, they are co-operating in many important improvements.

We reach the ridge tops, worming our way past supply trucks and road scrapers, and pull up in a glade where there's a great din of hammers and saws. No one can mistake what this is—it's a cantonment. No use to waste (Continued on page 54)

YOU CAN'T FOOL A PIPE SMOKER

Either he likes a certain tobacco or he does not. And that's that! How empty, how thin—how utterly useless is the opinion of anybody but the pipe smoker himself. Here is the statement of a pipe smoker who discovered the one tobacco he found to be best of all. No matter what tobacco you use in your pipe, Mr. Rudd's letter is bound to interest you.

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You may be interested to know that I have been smoking Edgeworth tobacco exclusively for the last ten years. I had originally tried innumerable brands of pipe tobaccos, embracing both domestic and foreign blends. I finally decided on Edgeworth as the one pipe tobacco that combined all of what I consider to be the features and characteristics absolutely essential to the perfect tobacco for pipe-smoking enjoyment.

These are, namely, a tobacco that smokes cool to the bottom of the pipe bowl; one that has absolutely no bite regardless of how many pipe-fills are successively smoked; one that burns evenly and slowly, has a real he-man aroma and taste; and lastly, a tobacco that is rough cut to just the extent that makes it a real pipe tobacco.

I have twenty-five pipes, all good quality briars, and smoke each and every one of them regularly, using only Edgeworth. For this reason alone, if not for any other, I feel that I am qualified to say that I have the best possible combination of pipes and tobacco for perfect smoking harmony and pleasure.

I have successfully introduced Edgeworth tobacco quite extensively among friends in my own immediate neighborhood, and am so enthused over it myself, that I intend to dwell on it exclusively in the chapter on tobacco to be included in a booklet I am writing on pipes (the manuscript of which is now in the embryonic stage).

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Yours very truly,
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With the Army of the Tennessee

(Continued from page 53)



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time describing it: you've all seen cantonments, and this place is exactly like the ones with which you are familiar. Here will be housed the laborers who are to construct Norris Dam. Here they will be fed, entertained, educated. Brace yourself for another "Believe It or Not." Twice as many men as are really necessary are to be hired. They are to work in two half-time shifts. Half the day they are to work; half of the day to go to school for occupational training, or to learn the old three R's. Something unusual? But didn't we do much the same kind of thing in France in the lull after the Armistice?

When the dam is completed these bunk houses and mess halls will be torn down. This is only a temporary city.

But Norris, in another quarter of the woods, is to be permanent. We see the first houses of this model village being erected. It isn't so noisy and impressive here, at the moment, as the cantonments. But Norris, I'll hazard, will be remembered long after the other townsite is abandoned and overgrown again with brush. Norris is to be the home of the workers who will operate the Norris Dam and its power house. The best thought of city planners is to go into making it a model modern village. Each home is to have about a third of an acre of land; each head of a household may lay claim also to a subsistence farm plot of about four acres just outside the town. Every encouragement is offered to carry on the Morgan hobby of part-time for farming, part-time for industry. One more distinction Norris is to have. In every conceivable way electricity is to be put to use—even the heating of the houses is to be electric.

Back from this detour, and again we're in the traffic that clogs the main ridge-road. What appears to be a heavy field gun is holding up the procession. It turns out to be a 17-ton load of I-beams for bridge girders, drawn by a gasoline tractor. We must be getting pretty close now to the forefront front.

Bam! Blowee!

Right ahead of us, those explosions—with not even a shriek of warning. The conducting officer is startled, and he is in a chiding mood about it when some men in dungarees come out of the brush to inspect the shell holes.

"Wish you'd let a fellow know when you're going to set off those stump blasts," he protests to the foreman. "I don't mind being hurt, but I hate like hell to get scared to death."

Now the road comes out into an open space on a hilltop overlooking a river valley. Below, a hairpin-turn road goes down the cleared hillside to the banks of the Clinch. At the bottom a new bridge goes across the stream.

"Here's as good a place as any to get the picture in your mind," says the conduct-

ing officer. "The dam goes across just a little above where you see the bridge. One of these days you'll see a big white concrete wall there, high as an eighteen-story building and two thousand feet long. With the power house and all equipment, the job will cost about \$34,000,000. It will back a pool up the Clinch for forty-five miles, and one up the Powell for twenty-five. When it's all filled up after the rains you'll have an artificial lake of eighty-two square miles. That will help plenty to control floods; and you'll never have to worry about having water enough to run all your power houses all the year round."

Down in the bottom of the valley we find plenty of activity. Power shovels are biting into hillsides. Saw mills are buzzing. A coffer dam is being pushed out into the stream. But the picture I am likely to remember longest is a bit of human interest.

Halfway up the other shore all the timber and brush have been cleared away, but a length of wooden fence and an old farm-yard gate remain. A mountain man stands resting his elbows on the gate, watching the scene below where history is being made. He doesn't realize it, perhaps, but the fate of that big project rests with him and with his neighbors. How will they take to the idea? If they like it and put their shoulders to the wheel, the TVA will roll. If they buck the plan, it won't roll. The ticklish part is that mountain folks for generations have been individualists—none more rugged—and nobody can foresee the outcome when they are called upon to participate in a new fangled co-operative effort.

The other most active sector of the Tennessee Valley campaign is a long way off, all the way to Muscle Shoals, Alabama. Let's get there now with all possible speed; then the sharp edge of the contrasts between the two localities won't be blunted.

From a land of big hills we have jumped to flat country, cotton lands. And the low-land people differ as widely from their high-land neighbors as the landscapes do.

The typical mountaineer is of pioneer stock, an independent fellow who owns his own place. The thin rocky soil isn't much to brag about. But he works it for himself; he's a free spirit.

Around Muscle Shoals the tenant farmer is far too numerous. He has lost—or he never owned—the land upon which he labors. He raises cotton on shares. If the mountain man can be accused of being a bit too easy-going, the Alabama share-cropper is driven to another extreme. From the day he plants his cotton to the day it's ginned, the share cropper is cotton's slave. Generation after generation has endured this kind of unending labor and unending mental torture to make their crops. Many a season their battle has ended in a stalemate or a defeat.

All this by way of warning that you'll

view a few depressing scenes along the roads in the Muscle Shoals neighborhood. Gaunt and hungry faces, tumble-down houses which at first sight seem to be deserted and farm lands eroded down to the barren red clay are the tokens.

Something had to be done which might hold out some promise of hope for the future. And it heartens one a lot to see that something *is* being done. Two moves are of outstanding importance.

The first is that fifteen miles above Muscle Shoals work is now under way upon a new dam. This, like the project in the mountain country, has the immediate effect of furnishing a variety of jobs to the unemployed. A cantonment city, like the one you have seen near Norris Dam, is springing up on the south shore of the Tennessee to house the workmen who will construct the dam. Alongside the north shore mammoth concrete locks, to cost \$1,500,000, are nearing completion. The construction is directed by United States Army Engineers—the same competent corps who built the locks for the Panama Canal.

The dam is to be more than a mile long (6,000 feet) and fifty feet high. The contemplated cost of the project, including a power house, is \$22,500,000. A pool of approximately one hundred square miles will be created back of the dam—another insurance policy against devastation by Tennessee River floods, also another guarantee that water will not be lacking to whirl the dynamos in any kind of season.

The new dam is named in honor of General Joe Wheeler. As a Southern cavalry leader Fighting Joe was almost as famous as Stuart; by the end of the Civil War he had risen in the C. S. A. to the rank of Lieutenant General. When the Spanish-American War came along, Fighting Joe was wearing blue. In Cuba he had command of our cavalry (including the Rough Riders) as a Major General of Volunteers.

Something else of tremendous importance is the second move in this neighborhood; without waiting for the General Joe Wheeler Dam to be completed, the TVA is starting electrical fireworks to popping at Muscle Shoals. As you may have noticed from the papers, this creates a big rumpus: A great many people are indignant about the Government going into the power business. Ample warning was given, however, that this was to be done. In his message to Congress asking for authority to create the TVA President Roosevelt put the case plainly enough:

"The continued idleness of a great national investment in the Tennessee Valley leads me to ask the Congress for legislation necessary to enlist this project in the service of the people."

Congress granted these powers to the President.

The mammoth Wilson Dam and the power house of the project at Muscle Shoals represent, truly, "a great national investment," for the sum spent upon them is around \$47,000,000. Even if no controversy had stirred popular interest in this development the place would have attracted much attention from sightseers. It is deservedly one of the great industrial show-places of the South. The huge dam is a prism of 1,400,000 cubic yards of concrete, nine-tenths of a mile long, 137 feet high—an impressive picture from any angle.

Only a part of the power which the dam is capable of developing is now being put to use. The big dynamos in the power house are, undeniably, not of 1934 model, but they hum efficiently enough. For several years (under lease to a utility corporation) they have been furnishing light and power to towns and cities for many miles around in Alabama, Tennessee and Mississippi.

Work was begun here, you'll recall, as part of the big job of winning a World War. We needed explosives to help win it; at the Shoals we rushed power development and the construction of two nitrate fixation plants. These plants had produced only a few tons of nitrate, "experimentally," by the time of the Armistice. Controversies became the order of the day. Henry Ford's offer to buy the plant started more debates. Presently Mr. Ford withdrew his offer. Muscle Shoals continued to be batted and kicked around like a soccer football. Then Mr. Roosevelt paid the place a visit. He promptly came to a decision to "enlist this project in the service of the people."

At this writing TVA is out after customers and getting them: A long list of communities big and little all around, with the enterprising town of Tupelo, Mississippi, heading the roll call.

In due time Wilson Dam and Wheeler Dam will be linked up by aluminum cable with Norris Dam; electric sparks will fly throughout the Valley of the Tennessee; by that time, or sooner, we should have some intimation about whether the Army of the Tennessee is destined to meet defeat or score a victory.

Bursts and Duds

(Continued from page 23)

a rifle. The counsel for the defense displayed the weapons used by the other fellow, namely and to wit, a pitchfork, a spade, a scythe, a pistol and a hoe.

After many hours of deliberation the jury returned and asked to be discharged by the court.

"Are you sure you cannot arrive at a verdict?" asked the judge, reluctant to discharge the jury.

"Absolutely, your honor," answered the foreman. "The only thing we can agree on is that we would have given a dollar each to have seen the fight."



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"To Uphold and Defend the Constitution"

(Continued from page 17)

program of education in support of our institutions of government and Americanism ideals pronounced by our Colonial forefathers and kept secure up to the present time.

With Europe shaken until its windows rattle, by gentry in different colored shirts, repercussions are bound to be felt over here. But unlike in Europe, the veterans of America or their younger imitators are not nuclei of this movement which would set aside the Constitution. Here we find that movement among the pseudo-intellectuals, many of whom are still on the college campus. From the products of various universities have come echoes of the old and oft-disproved doctrine that the Constitution shouldn't mean much between friends when it blocks the path to "progress." Our Constitution is a living organism capable of growth and change and development to meet the needs of changing times. We get mistakes written into our Constitution, but when we do in due course we can write them out again as

we did in one instance no later than last December. Yet the Constitution cannot be altered over the week-end, and that is as it should be.

I am not a Nervous Nellie who sees a Red behind every tree. I believe in free speech and the free exchange of ideas. If a college student or a college professor thinks we should dish the Constitution for a spell, it is much better that he should feel at liberty to say so out loud than to go around whispering behind doors. But just the same, if the Legion is right then these people are wrong. And the Legion is right.

Nor must we be deluded by a careless use of the word "liberal" as applied to these dogmatists who would suspend the Constitution for the duration of the existing emergency. Each of the European dictatorships grew out of a movement labeled liberal at the beginning and fostered by many true but misguided liberals. The brand of "liberalism" that I oppose, and ask every Legionnaire to raise his arm

against, is the spurious article which, if followed to its natural conclusion, would find us with a Mussolini or a Hitler doing our thinking for us in the United States and the liberty that has made America great prostrate at his feet.

Any move to change from a democracy now or at any other time is a direct blow at the very foundation of The American Legion. And it is the Legion today, the one great effective cross section of the American people, that can be depended upon should revolution occur in this country. The American Legion is a great body of American men and women who learned the lesson of discipline while offering their lives for the country they love and which they are still serving. These men and women, still firm in the faith, and imbued with the patriotic fervor of the men who made this nation great, are pledged to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America and to transmit to posterity the principles of freedom, justice and democracy.

Night at Kinderhook

(Continued from page 41)

inevitable, and I foresaw also its inevitable end in ruin and disaster." This he said proudly, never knowing that his own destruction was involved therewith.

"The fact that I disagree with you will not, I hope, prevent our being friends," smiled Knox. "It has been a pleasure to me to have met you. Good luck upon your journey, and a speedy exchange!"

The two young men shook hands, then André, bowing, went out, and the landlord gently closed the door behind him.

"A fine young man," remarked Colonel Knox. "I hope I may see him again under pleasanter circumstances." He crossed the room, and sitting down, stared moodily into the fire. No log fell, no wind whistled in the chimney, no vision in the flames foretold the great nation that those embattled colonies were to become, and that the landlord's son, as yet unborn, would one day be its chief. No, Prophecy did not speak, else must it have told Colonel Knox that the next time he saw that gallant British officer it would be to send him to the gallows.

"Sir," said the landlord, "I have no gift for foresight, but I notice that things look differently after dinner. So I would counsel you to eat while it's hot, sir, if I may."

"Good!" agreed the young colonel. He threw another log upon the fire, ladled himself some soup, and having tasted it, drew out a letter from his pocket and began to read.

"Dearest husband," it began, "all here are well and anxiously awaiting your re-

turn. Mrs. Loftis has come to spend the week with me, as her husband has gone with his company to Winter Hill Camp, and she would have been alone."

Colonel Knox ate a few mouthfuls of soup, and then read on. "She says there hath been much talk in Cambridge of a letter Amziah Foss wrote to his aunt and had printed in the *Gazette*, that Thanksgiving Day all of the detachment were drunk save him alone, and that Colonel K— danced the war dance with some savages in nothing but his shirt, and that the howling could be heard clear across the lake at Ticonderoga. There is talk of bringing young Dow, who is a deacon, before the vestry on his return to explain it. I assume that Colonel K— refers to you, but I do not understand—"

"Understand!" roared Colonel Knox, leaping to his feet and beating the table with his hand, so that the soup leaped in the bowl. "I do! This is a lie, a brazen, bare-faced lie! Written to curry favor with his aunt! Send me this Foss, I'll curry him! Why, this thing must be abroad, and every wife and mother in Boston—"

He sat down again at the table and began to bite his knuckles in thought.

"Shall I clear away?" asked the landlord.

"No!" snapped Knox. "Let me think a minute! My appetite has gone! Look you, I have a detachment here that is to be paid at Springfield for the first time in months, and now I discover a tale bearer in our midst that will make good telling of what goes on! Once I could deny, but

not twice! But I'll have him in here, and he shall eat his words! No, that won't do—"

From without came the sharp report of a gun, ringing clearly through the frosty air.

"What's that?" snapped Knox. "The piquette? Or my guard at the bridge?"

He and the landlord dashed to the door. From without came faint shouts, the sound of running, then as Colonel Knox went back for his cloak and sword, three men appeared, holding a fourth who struggled. They stamped into the inn, and the firelight showed that the man in their midst wore a red coat with buff facings.

"Corporal Foss!" cried Knox. "What's this, sir? Stand still!"

"I can't, sir," gasped the man in the red coat. "I've been shot!"

"Shot? Who shot him?"

"I did, sir," spoke up Deacon Dow. "He run, and I called, 'Halt!' and he run the faster. So I let him have the guts of my gun!"

"We thought he was a Regular, sir!" panted Abijah. "He had on a British hat. That one there, sir!" He pointed to a grenadier hat that Corporal Foss still clutched to his bosom.

"Ha!" cried the colonel. "Foss, where did you get this hat?"

"I bought it, sir," protested Corporal Foss. "Oh, sir, I'm about to die! Oh-o-ooh! I bought it for four shillings from a British sergeant!"

"You bought it? And what did you do with yours?"

"I gave it to him for boot-money. He hadn't any hat this winter weather! Oh sir, let me lie down! I feel a faintness coming on!"

"Listen to me, Corporal," went on Colonel Knox, mercilessly, "what were you doing out of camp so late, when you had orders not to leave billets after sundown?"

"I didn't dare come back before, sir! I was waiting for everyone to be in bed! They wanted to kill me because my aunt printed my letter in the *Gazette*! They've been waiting at the bridge for me all night! And now I'm dead!" He groaned horribly, but the faces of the three sergeants showed no contrition.

"There is a leech lives at the lower end of the village!" said the landlord. "Shall I send for him?"

"Do!" said Colonel Knox. "Where are you wounded, Foss?"

They laid him down before the fire, and made a hurried inspection. The wound was in the upper part of the leg. Colonel Knox wiped away what he thought was coagulated snow, then gave an exclamation.

"This isn't snow, this is salt! Why, he's been shot full of salt! What does this mean, Sergeant Dow? Where did this rock salt come from?"

"Out of my gun, sir!"

"Out of your gun? What makes you load your gun with salt?"

"I'm a deacon of the church, sir! 'Thou shalt not kill!'"

The colonel gazed long into his sergeant's face, but the Deacon's eye was as unfathomable as a frozen pool.

"Humph!" grunted the colonel. "Well, Foss, so you bought the hat! This is the answer to why yours was found on the British sergeant! Landlord, give this grenadier hat back to the British sergeant. Corporal Foss, take yours, and let's have no more lallygagging with prisoners of war! Don't groan so, you won't die tonight! Have you a bed you could put this man into? You have? Well, put him away then!"

The colonel stamped up and down the room a few times.

"Well," said he, suddenly facing the sergeants, "this is a pretty kettle of fish. Tell me, did you know that Corporal Foss was in the British camp when I first spoke to you? When I was with Lieutenant André? You'd been there too long to have been only investigating a disturbance!"

"Ahem!" coughed Abijah. "No, sir, and yes, sir. That is to say, sir—well, sir, we went to Corporal Foss's squad to speak to him about something—oh, yes, to tell him about the colonel's orders to stay away from the prisoners—and they said he'd gone over to the camp to buy a grenadier hat."

"Yes, sir," agreed Perley, "there was a British sergeant had some men drawing water, that said he'd sell his. But we didn't have any money to buy it."

"Then why did you go toward the camp?" asked Knox.

"We thought we might swap some

tobacco or potatoes or something for it."

"So," went on the colonel quickly, "when you found he'd sold his hat to Corporal Foss, you threw him into the pool out of spite."

"No, sir!" cried the three together. "Sir, we thought he was Foss!"

There was a long pause, while the colonel unwrapped and wrapped again a handkerchief about his hand.

"I see," he said at last, "and so when you found out that the man in the Cadet hat was not Foss, you thought that a man in a grenadier hat would be."

"Sir," protested Deacon Dow, "we had orders to scour the fields. We see a British Regular that run when we called to him, and was perfectly justified to shoot—especially as I knew 'twouldn't hurt him much—with never a thought as to how it might be Corporal Foss."

"Bah!" exclaimed the colonel. "Now, men, listen to me. You threw the sergeant in the pool. For that I will fine you enough to pay for his lodging, and give him a little money for his injured feelings. Deacon Dow, you shot Corporal Foss, and admit you had malice against him. I don't doubt you went out there in the first place to do him some harm, and loaded your gun with salt on purpose. Very well, I shall fine you for that sufficient to pay his coach hire to Boston, also for the leech, and to the landlord for his inconvenience!"

"Coach hire!" gasped the sergeant.

"Foss cannot ride, slight though his wound may be, for several days. There is a coach goes through at midnight. The monies for these things I will advance, and stop them from your pay at Springfield. That's all! Not a word! Go back to your billets, and see that you don't leave them again tonight!"

The three saluted dumbly and went out. The colonel went back to his neglected supper. He choked on the soup, for he had laughed as he swallowed, and some of it went down the wrong way.

Outside, still in the shadow of the inn, the three sergeants halted.

"Why didn't you grab the hat before we took him in?" demanded Abijah.

"How could I?" protested Deacon Dow. "He hung to it like a limpet! Bah! Don't say 'hat' to me, I'm sick of it! I don't want no hat! Come home! Who wants a British hat anyway?"

A fourth man came running around the corner of the inn. All started, then they saw from his white apron that the new-comer was the landlord.

"Did you boys want a grenadier hat?" he asked quickly. "Seemed to me I heard you say you did. Take this one. It's the Regular sergeant's. He don't want it. He said if he wore an ordinary hat people would leave him alone, but with a grenadier hat someone was always tryin' to kill him, or to steal it, or somethin'. He give it to me for an old one of mine. But I've been thinkin', that if the British won, like the young officer said they would, or if the Regulars was to come up the river from New York, 'twouldn't be a handy



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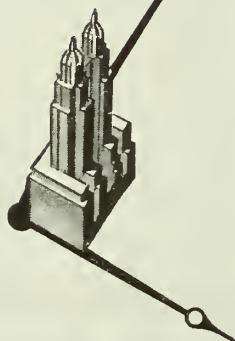
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Night at Kinderhook

(Continued from page 57)

thing to have around. So you may have it."

"I don't want it!" said Deacon Dow stoutly. "I said I didn't want it, and I won't take it! It's bad luck! Look at this night's work!"

"Take it! Take it!" urged the two others. "Thank you, landlord, he'll take it! Thank you! Good night!"

They went hurriedly down the road.

"Plans for our little treat at Springfield," chuckled Abijah, "can now go forward. Since Letter Writer Foss will be sent home by the next coach, we don't need to worry about anyone reporting what goes on to Boston!"

"I bet you," cried Perley enthusiastically, "that's just why the colonel sent him! I bet he got a bug in his ear as well as the rest of us!"

"Yes, he sent him with my money!" said Deacon Dow sadly. "Party or none, sneakin' tale-teller or none, I can't go to a shivaree without any money! There'll be no pay comin' to me!"

"Sell the grenadier hat!" cried the other two.

"I will," agreed the deacon, after a moment's reflection, "and with the boys all just havin' drawn pay, eight shillin's will be cheap for it!"

They've Got Your Number

(Continued from page 37)

telephone company has a special hook-up for long distance purposes, and this is commonly referred to as their "strawberry circuit." A few years ago, when the famous fundamentalist trial was held in Tennessee, with Mr. Darrow and Mr. Bryan as star performers, scores of newspaper correspondents were there from a distance, sending out long reports. The telephone company had foreseen this unusual demand for its wires and had made special provision for it. They hooked up their "strawberry circuit."

If you should be in Princeton, New Jersey, New Haven, Connecticut, or Hanover, New Hampshire, at the time of a big football game, with thousands of visitors in town, you might be surprised to find that you can place a local or long distance call and have just about as good service as in a place where everything is running along normally. The answer is that the telephone company knows, from previous experience, just how many people will be in town that day, depending on weather and importance of the game. They arrange for exactly the right number of operators and equipment to handle the exceptional rush of business. Equally important, they do *not* have more than enough operators, for that would be wasteful and costly.

To predict the amount of telephoning in a locality, one must consider average intelligence and educational standards there. A stupid person often says: "I can't tell you all this over the phone," and makes a trip just to say something that could as well have been explained by telephone. A certain degree of intelligence is required to bridge the gap of space and talk by phone as naturally as if facing some one in the same room.

Telephone companies even know exactly how long it takes an average person to become accustomed to the change from an old-fashioned telephone to a dial phone. Dialing seems awkward the first time one

attempts it, because one must have coordination between the left hand, which holds the receiver, the right hand, which does the dialing, the eyes which must watch the dial, and memory, which must recall the exchange and number until the dialing is completed. During the time a large number of subscribers are acquiring these new habits, far more mistakes occur than when each subscriber repeats numbers to the operator. The company must know exactly how many such mistakes are to be expected, and make proper allowance for them.

In almost any city residential section, it is fairly safe to forecast that the greatest number of local telephone calls for the whole day will be at about 8:30 in the morning. Since most business offices are open by 9 o'clock, nearly every family has to be up and stirring to have father on his way to the office by 8:30. Likewise, the children have started to school by that time. When the family is dispersed, the housewife promptly sets to work at 8:30 to order groceries or to call up friends. From 8:30 on, there is a sharp drop in the number of residential calls until noon, and a slight additional drop from then till 3:30. A considerable increase in the number then sets in, until a small peak is reached at 4:30. Wives are then calling husbands to remind them of articles to bring home or errands they must not forget before leaving the office. It is then, too, that a husband may call his wife to say untoward circumstances have detained him at the office. From 4:30 on, the number of calls drops sharply until 6:30 when the family is, presumably, at dinner. In recent years, a popular radio feature at the dinner hour has made phone calls even fewer than usual, since the family wishes to listen to the radio undisturbed. Immediately after dinner, calls increase rapidly for exactly one hour, reaching a peak at 7:30—when everybody is busy arranging social diversions, getting into

contact with friends. If necessary, it might be possible to estimate the ratio of city phone users who, at that hour, say: "How'd you like to go to a movie?"

After 7:30, there is a continuous drop in the number of calls until 4 A. M. at which time there are fewer calls than at any other hour of the day. Even a person who goes in for much activity or gayety at night is ordinarily tucked into his little bed by 4 A. M. From that time on, the world begins to wake up, but quite slowly until about 6:30. Calls begin to increase sharply from 6:30, and continue to show this sharp increase until, as already mentioned, they reach a peak at 8:30 in the morning.

In a business office section, the busy hours are naturally a little different. Almost no calls are placed before 7 o'clock, and the real increase does not start to climb until 8:30—at the exact time when the peak of the whole day has been reached for residence telephoning. For a business office, on eastern standard time, the greatest number of calls is at about 10:20. This is long enough after the stock market has opened for all who are concerned about their holdings to call up and learn just how badly such stocks are behaving. The fewest calls are at 1:30, when the greatest number of office people are out to lunch.

Another busy spell for office telephones comes at 3:30, again largely on account of the stock market. People call their brokers to learn how the market closed. But the

number of calls after the close is not nearly so great as just after the opening of the market. This is natural, since much news appears in morning papers to make people wonder what effect this will have on stocks. One's curiosity about his stocks is always greater in the morning after he has had all night to worry about them.

After 3:30, business office phone calls drop continuously until office closing time and are negligible from 6:30 in the evening until 7:30 the next morning. In an occasional locality, however, the telephone company must be prepared for completely abnormal timing of calls, because of unusual kind of business activities or exceptional circumstances. In the section of New York City containing Washington Market, the busiest time of the whole day is at 3 o'clock in the morning when vegetable and produce dealers have to be up and stirring to have their goods available before the rest of the city wakes up.

Summing up, nothing a telephone subscriber can do is a surprise to the telephone company. When a man calls a friend to arrange a poker game, he may have acted on sudden impulse, but the telephone company knows how many men will phone about card games on an average day. Our telephone habits are sure to follow a predictable pattern—just as a merchant can always estimate, in buying a stock of clothing, how many pairs of trousers must be for men of 42-inch waistline.

And Another Generation Cometh

(Continued from page 31)

bottle of burgundy which had for fifty years stimulated the imaginations of his Civil War comrades, but that bottle was in a museum which wished to retain it. Besides, doubts had arisen concerning its present palatability, one report being that it had turned to vinegar.

L. B. Kolliner, Vice Commander of the Minnesota Department, was elected as 1934 sergeant major—top rank—of the Last Buddies' Bully Beef Club, which happens to be the outfit's official title.

Up and Up For 1934

ONE day before the ending of winter, on March 20th, the Nevada Department became the first Department to exceed its quota of 1934 membership, and a membership check-up on the first day of spring seemed to confirm earlier predictions that The American Legion would reach once more in 1934 a membership of one million.

On March 21st the number of Legionnaires enrolled for 1934 stood at 586,398, or 64.84 percent of the quota which had been set for the year. But even more encouraging than the actual enrollment was the comparison with enrollment on the corresponding dates of preceding years. These showed that members had been signing up

earlier in 1934 than in any year since the depression began. Proof of this was the fact that seven Departments had by March 21st exceeded the entire enrollment they possessed at the end of 1933. Colorado was the first Department to go over the top. On March 2d it had 5,755 members, as compared with its total of 5,650 on December 31, 1933. Idaho went over the top on March 5th and Nevada on March 6th. Oklahoma, Michigan, Utah and Mexico quickly followed. At the date of the check-up the Departments of Arkansas, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Maryland, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, North Carolina, Rhode Island and Virginia were all seen to be on the point of going over the top, each needing fewer than 1,000 members to place it above its total for 1933.

Nevada's achievement as the first Department to exceed its 1934 quota wins for it the Gouraud Trophy, one of the many silver cups awarded each year for membership accomplishments.

The membership of the "Big Four" on March 19th was: Illinois, 51,689; New York, 45,592; Pennsylvania, 45,159, and California, 39,165. Illinois was proceeding toward a record-breaking enrollment, as a tribute to its native son, National Commander Edward A. Hayes. With New York and Pennsylvania (Continued on page 60)

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And Another Generation Cometh

(Continued from page 59)

neck and neck, one of the most interesting membership races in years was in the making. Ohio was in the midst of a big campaign, and had already reported 32,512 members.

National Adjutant Frank E. Samuel and H. L. Plummer, Jr., Assistant National Adjutant in charge of membership, were counting on April to produce additional gains that would place the national total well up toward the million mark. All Departments were expected to redouble membership efforts in April in order to be able to report creditable totals in the second annual membership aerial round-up when Legionnaire birdmen converge on the organization's G. H. Q. with results of various member-getting efforts throughout the country.

This round-up will take place in the first several days of May, and airplanes will carry membership cards from all sections of the country to Indianapolis, where they will be counted as the National Executive Committee begins its semi-annual meeting on May 4th. The principal card-carrying planes will start from Los Angeles, from New York, from New Orleans and from Portland, Oregon.

They will pick up cards at stopping places along their routes. There will also be many individual flights. Last year in the first round-up fifty planes carried 50,000 cards to Indianapolis. This year's round-up is expected to bring in 100,000. Mr. Plummer expects that the round-up on May 1st will

reveal the membership to be well over 700,000, a figure not reached until July 10th last year.

Memorial for O. L. Bodenhamer

ATTESTING the high regard in which he was held in his own city and State and throughout The American Legion, a memorial building is to be constructed in honor of Past National Commander O. L. Bodenhamer in El Dorado, Arkansas. The project, which will include not only a stone building of classic lines but also an amphitheater and recreation ground, will be carried out under the auspices of the Arkansas Department. By authority of the Chicago National Convention, Legionnaires of other Departments will be given the opportunity of making contributions. The plans call for the expenditure of \$150,000, of which \$15,000 has already been contributed by the people of El Dorado. At least \$15,000 is expected to be given by the people of other towns and cities of Arkansas.

The memorial is unusually appropriate because it will mark the fulfillment of a plan cherished by Mr. Bodenhamer before his death. As leading citizen of his community, he began a movement to develop a public playground and recreation center, together with a memorial building and amphitheater. He had personally selected the site for this community civic center before he was killed by an explosion of a

gas pocket in the East Texas oil fields on June 19, 1933.

National Commander Edward A. Hayes and National Adjutant Frank E. Samuel have explained and indorsed the project in letters to all Departments, and the Bodenhamer Memorial Fund Committee, under the chairmanship of Dr. J. H. Buchanan of El Dorado, has opened its national headquarters at the Spink Arms Hotel in Indianapolis, from which the solicitation of funds is being conducted by Earle W. LaGrant.

Robert Black of El Dorado serves as secretary and treasurer of the committee and contributions are being mailed to Charles W. Ardery, Correspondent National of the Forty and Eight, in Indianapolis. Other members of the committee include C. B. Crumpler and T. H. Barton of El Dorado; R. L. Gordon of Dermott, National Vice Commander; R. W. Sisson of Little Rock, Department Adjutant, and Oran J. Vaughn of Searcy.

Every employe at National Headquarters of The American Legion has contributed to the fund. An outstanding Legionnaire has been selected in each State to receive contributions from Legionnaires financially able to make them.

Roll Call

PAUL H. GRIFFITH, who wrote "School Days—All Too Few," is chairman of the National Americanism Com-



Harris E. Petree Post of Oregon, Missouri, is its town's fire department. Insurance rates came down when the Legionnaires took over the job of fire protection

mission and a member of Lafayette Post of Uniontown, Pennsylvania . . . Joseph A. Burns is superintendent of the Veterans Mountain Camp of the New York Department and belongs to Tupper Lake Post . . . Leonard H. Nason is a member of Crosscup-Pishon Post of Boston, Massachusetts . . . National Commander Hayes is a member of Castle Williams Post of Decatur, Illinois . . . Tyler H. Bliss is a Legionnaire of Harvey W. Seeds Post of Miami, Florida . . . John Thomas

Taylor, Vice-Chairman of the National Legislative Committee, is a Past Commander of George Washington Post of Washington, D. C. . . . Abian A. Wallgren belongs to Thomas Roberts Reath Marine Post of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania . . . Dan Sowers, former director of the National Americanism Commission, belongs to Greenville (Kentucky) Post . . . Charles Phelps Cushing is a member of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City.

PHILIP VON BLON

A Cloverleaf Speaks His Piece

(Continued from page 34)

"Returning out of that far land of eternal sunshine and smiling faces to dreary, dark and cold Europe has been a terrible transition. The first chance I get to return there will be taken advantage of! Quite a number of Americans live there too, mostly Standard Oil, movie and automobile representatives."

MORE than six years ago we were pleased to introduce to the Gang a contributor who while failing to have served officially in the Army during the war, did serve very definitely with the Army. While not eligible to membership in the Legion, this contributor is actively interested in our Then and Now Gang and is an active member of The American Legion Auxiliary. She had served as a Reconstruction Aide at the Base Hospital at Camp Upton, Long Island, New York.

We are pleased that this active member of the Gang, Mrs. Arthur B. Tuttle of Bay Shore, Long Island, New York, has again come to the fore—this time with the picture we show on page 34 of a ward in the Base Hospital at Camp Upton. We'll give Mrs. Tuttle the floor:

"Do you suppose if you published the enclosed snapshot that Then and Now readers might recognize the surgeon who is treating one of the patients? Years have gone by but I shall never forget how the men under this doctor's care admired him. The nurse of Ward E9, Miss Stravinsky, who is shown holding the patient's head, was the splendid woman who carried on when the doctor's dressings were done. The ward was all surgical and so far as I know all were wounded men when the picture was taken in the spring of 1919. The patient being attended is Private Raffaele Cosenza. I hope the other men will recognize themselves and report.

"I've been wanting to go over to old Upton again. The Base Hospital, when I last saw it, was only a series of cement bases, where wards once were, but my roses, iris and lilacs are still growing there, wild among the sweet fern and pines.

"Here are a few jottings of my remembrances of the Base at Upton: Prior to the spring of 1919, there was no orthodox occupational therapy work there. My mother, Mrs. Hal B. Fullerton, and I sup-

plied various kinds of articles to be embroidered to about twenty-five men, especially in surgical wards D and E. When the Occupational Therapy Aids of the Reconstruction Service, under the Surgeon General's Department, came to the Base, they were greatly needed. The O. T.'s taught bead, embroidery, raffia and reed work, besides many courses in elementary and advanced school subjects.

"Then there was my job as Aide in 'floriculture and agriculture,' which wasn't exactly a cinch. One of my fondest recollections was the making of a ward garden. I was known as 'farmerette.'

"I recall particularly the famous Decoration Day, 1919, field meet with its baseball game and field events in which members of the staff, patients, nurses, student nurses and aides were represented. Of that famous nurses' nine, the shortstop has been living in Peking (Peiping), China, for the last eight years as missionary Radley, while the left-fielder, Miss Kabatnik (now Mrs. Schildknecht) lives in Bay Shore.

"Heigh-ho!—and now I've a son who is busy near me, building a swell German Fokker tri-plane. Maybe we weren't supposed to live on such a rich diet of emotions as the war days supplied."

AS IS true with anyone far from the homeland, holidays had a special significance for men in the A. E. F. and other far-flung posts of the Army and Navy. You will recall that Sunday, November 24, 1918, was made a special occasion by the suggestion offered by *The Stars and Stripes*, the A. E. F.'s official newspaper, that every man write a Christmas Victory Letter to Dad—those whose Dads had passed on were to write to buddies' Dads. The lid was off the censorship and a fellow could tell, with dates, places and actions, just what he and his outfit had done in the war. The previous Mother's Day, every man had written to his Mother.

We recall particularly Mother's Day of 1919. We were at Camp Pontanezen at Brest, all set to board the good old *Leviathan* for the trip home. "Mother" Fitzgerald and "Little Big Sister" Susie Heermance, of the Y, who had watched over our regiment during our training days in France, (Continued on page 62)

"EVEN HIS WORST FRIENDS TOLD HIM!"



THEY SURE DID—when they recovered! But recovering from the K.O. of that sullen, soupy pipe was harder than holing a golf ball from a sand trap!

A pipe-cleaner, an orange-and-black tin of Sir Walter Raleigh—and how his circle of admirers will widen! This happy mixture of fine Kentucky Burleys has the body that men want, with a calm fragrance that raises you in the estimation of your friends . . . and yourself. Try it. You'll like it.

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A Cloverleaf Speaks His Piece

(Continued from page 61)

followed us right up to the front sectors we occupied and even trailed us up into the Army of Occupation, formed an advance guard to our move to Pontanezen and had prepared a full-stocked canteen for us. On Mother's Day, their special tent was full of real forget-me-nots for their "boys'" letters to Mothers back home.

This year Mother's Day falls on May 13th, when the Mothers of our country will be especially honored by the release by the Post Office Department of a Mother's Day Stamp. This recognition was obtained through the thought and effort of the American War Mothers and particularly of its Past National President, Mrs. H. H. McCluer, and Mrs. Estelle Norris Ochiltree, present National President. That organization will also sponsor an official cachet for the first day of issue, which will be May 1st. What profit is realized will be used to carry on the welfare and relief work for needy veterans, their families and dependent Mothers of the World War.

The stamp, which will be of the three-cent series, will bear a reproduction of Whistler's famous portrait of his Mother as the central motif of the design.

ONE thing in our Orderly Room of which we are particularly proud and which has regularly served as a friend in need when we have to check up on the spelling of some obscure town in the A. E. F. or on the movements of some outfit, is our Legion Monthly library. While we feel that it is one of the most complete World War libraries in the country, including as it does histories of units as small as companies to those of divisions, of air squadrons, hospitals, artillery and various branches of the Navy, still there are many histories missing.

For instance, such prominent combat divisions as the Second, Third and Forty-second are not represented by official histories, although we understand that they are still awaiting publication. All of our books were presented by veterans' societies, by the historical committees of such societies or by publishers. There is no better place for such books. We are asking, therefore, that Legionnaires who may have duplicates of their outfit histories or are willing to dispose of their copies, write to us advising what they have to offer and we shall be pleased to consider paying for such volumes as we need.

Included in our library are also many books containing verse, photographs, cartoons and other material produced as a result of the war. Many of these books were published in the A. E. F. Among these overseas publications which are missing from our shelves are "Yank Talk" and "More Yank Talk," which are reviews of A. E. F. humor; "I Was There," a book of sketches by C. LeRoy Baldrige, with verses by Hilmar R. Baukhage; "Yanks:

A. E. F. Verse," reprinted from *The Stars and Stripes*. These volumes were later reprinted in this country, but we should like to obtain copies of the original editions. We should like to acquire also copies of the special four-page Banquet Edition of *The Stars and Stripes*, dated about February 7, 1919, and copies of a book of the Wally cartoons reprinted from *The Stars and Stripes*.

So write to The Company Clerk and tell him what books you can offer toward the completion of the Monthly's library.

OUTFIT reunions during the national convention have become a major activity of The American Legion 1934 Convention Corporation of Miami, Florida, with the appointment of J. K. Williams as Chairman of Reunions. Outstanding in the program of entertainment offered by a national convention city are the get-togethers of wartime outfits. Many divisional and other large veterans' organizations that hold regular annual conventions and reunions of their own in other cities and at other times, are now scheduling additional reunions to be held in Miami, October 22d to 25th during the period of the Legion convention.

Chairman Williams is eager to assist any and all organizations that report to him in laying plans for reunion luncheons, banquets, entertainment or whatever may be desired. Report your proposed reunion to J. K. Williams at 614 Ingraham Building, Miami, Florida, and at the same time tell the Company Clerk about it so that announcements may be listed in these columns.

Particulars regarding the following convention reunions may be obtained from the men and women whose names and addresses are given:

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION AMERICAN LEGION NURSES—Annual meeting and reunion. Mrs. Flora Sheldon, natl. secy., 2176 Atkins av., Lakewood, Ohio.

4TH DIV.—Details of national reunion, Miami, Oct. 22, also blank for Verdun medal can be obtained by sending name and outfit, with self-addressed, stamped envelope to William C. Brooker, Citizens Bank bldg., Tampa, Fla.

30TH (OLD HICKORY) DIV.—J. K. Williams, chmn., 614 Ingraham bldg., Miami.

37TH DIV.—Donald S. Lavign, chmn., 114 N. E. 2d av., Miami.

53D INF., Co. L, 6TH DIV.—Proposed company reunion. Cecil H. Pillans, ex-1st Sgt., Haines City, Fla.

4TH ENGRS.—Patrick J. Ganley, comdr., Ft. Dearborn Post, A. L., 6312 Greenwood av., Chicago, Ill.

21ST ENGRS., L. R. Soc.—14th annual reunion. Frank L. Frazin, secy-treas., 1825 S. Hamlin av., Chicago, Ill.

28TH ENGRS., A. E. F. VETS.—Organized in Chicago, 2d annual reunion in Miami. Erick O. Meling, pres., 2048 N. Spaulding av., Chicago; Frank T. Cushnirk, secy-treas., 12206 Lowe av., Chicago, Ill.

M.T.C. VERNEUIL VETS.—Veterans of Units 301-2-3, M.T.C., located at Nevers and Verneuil, France, Hilmer Gellein, pres., P. O. Box 772, Detroit, Mich.; Verne M. Corson, reunion officer, 1161 W. Flagler st., Miami, Fla.

106TH SUP. TRN., Co. A—2d annual reunion in Miami. M. F. Avery, 19 N. W. 3d st., Miami, Fla., or W. M. Applegate, 6033 Champlain av., Chicago.

AIR SERV., CARLSTON AND DORR FIELDS—All officers, particularly those who served under Gen. Fechet, interested in convention reunion and proposed organization, report to J. Leo Scanlon, 487 Elliott Sq. bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

BASE HOSP. No. 136, A. E. F.—Second annual reunion. First reunion held at Chicago convention. Elmer V. McCarthy, M. D., secy. reunion comm., 108

North State street, Chicago, Illinois.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 15 Assoc.—Organized in Chicago. Rev. John Dunphy, pres., Portage, Pa. Write to Mrs. Mary Johnson Cuttall, secy., 76 West st., Milford, Mass.

117TH M. O. R. S., 42n Div.—James P. Stickle, P. O. Box 3363, Daytona Beach, Fla.

SUBMARINE AND SUB-TENDER VETS.—Second annual reunion. Irving H. Hunkiker, 833 South Blvd., Evanston, Ill.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Wilford L. Jessup, natl. cmdg. offer., Bremerton, Wash.; Craig S. Herbert, personnel offer., 3333 N. 18th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

AMERICAN R. R. TRANS. CORPS A. E. F. VETS.—2500 attended Chicago reunion. Clyde D. Burton, comdr., 4827 Lake Park av., Chicago; Gerald J. Murray, natl. adjt., 1132 Bryn Maur st., Scranton, Pa.

U. S. A. CANAL ZONE VETS. ASSOC.—Veterans of all outfits that served in the Zone during the World War period, including the 5th, 10th, 29th and 33d Inf., 12th Cav., 3d Engrs., 1st Sep. Mtn. Art., C. A. C. of Forts Grant, Sherman, De Lesseps, etc., Aviation Corps, M. C. and Q. M. C. Louis J. Gilbert, pres., 260 Gregory av., Passaic, N. J.

NATIONAL TANK CORPS VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion. Frank J. Williams, natl. comdr., 534 Brisbane bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

U. S. S. IOWA—Proposed reunion of members of crew. Stanley W. Campbell, 822 Jefferson av., Scranton, Pa.

Announcements of reunions and miscellaneous activities at other times and places follow:

SECOND DIV.—16th annual reunion, New York City, June 7-9. Headquarters, Hotel Astor, Capt. C. O. Mattfeldt, secy., P. O. Box 1361, Washington, D. C.

THIRD DIV. SOCIETY—Annual national convention and reunion, Boston, Mass., July 12-15. James P. Mooers, chmn., 45 Mountain av., Dorchester, Mass.

THIRD DIV. SOCIETY—All who send name, address and outfit number to L. D. Ledbetter, 411 Bank of Commerce bldg., Norfolk, Va., will receive free copy of paper, *The Watch on the Rhine*.

4TH DIV. ASSOC. OF NEW YORK—Semi-annual reunion in May. Gustav H. Lamm, 1541 Hone av., Bronx, N. Y.

SOCIETY OF 5TH DIV.—Annual reunion at Boston, Mass., Sept. 1-3 (Labor Day week-end). David T. Probert, 25 First st., Fair Lawn, N. J.

Soc. 5TH DIV., N. J. CAMP—Regular meetings third Sunday each month, 3 p. m., at 564 Clinton av., Newark, N. J. David T. Probert, 25 First st., Fair Lawn, N. J.

6TH DIV. ASSOC.—Regular quarterly meeting, Los Angeles, Calif., May 26; regular quarterly meeting, San Francisco, Aug. 12. R. E. Moran, secy., 5941 Monte Vista st., Los Angeles.

28TH DIV.—Hq., Society of the 28th Div. has been removed from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, Pa. Col. John H. Shenkel, pres., Wm. G. Blough, secy.-treas., P. O. Box 111, Homewood Sta., Pittsburgh.

32D DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—1934 convention will be held in Detroit, Mich., Sept. 2-5. Byron Beveridge, 1148 Florence court, Madison, Wisc.

RED ARROW MEN—Members of 32d Div. Vet. Assoc. who change addresses should notify Byron Beveridge, secy., Madison, Wisc., giving new and old addresses, together with organization.

37TH DIV. A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—Report to Jim Sterner, secy., 1101 Wyandott bldg., Columbus, Ohio. All who pay one dollar yearly dues will receive periodical copies of *The Division News*.

42n (RAINBOW) DIV. VETS.—16th annual reunion, Detroit, Mich., July 12-14. Wilber M. Brucker, natl. pres., 2480 Penobscot bldg., Detroit.

42D (RAINBOW) DIV. VETS.—*The Rainbow Reveille* is your paper; write for free copy, stating your outfit. K. A. Sutherland, P. O. Box 298, Sta. C, Los Angeles, Calif.

77TH DIV.—Membership in divisional association entitles holder to all rights and privileges in clubhouse, 28 East 39th st., New York City. Send name and address for free copy of official association paper, *The Liberty Light*. Jack Simonson, 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

80TH DIV.—E. G. Peyton, newly-elected National Commander of the 80th Division Veterans Association, is calling upon all former 80th Division men to send their names, addresses and organization numbers to the Headquarters, 412 Plaza Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

82n Div.—Proposed organization of an 82d Div.

Assoc. of the Middle West. Men in that section of the country who are interested, write to William M. Tatum, Logan, Iowa.

89TH (MIDDLE WEST) DIV. WAR SOCIETY—Reunion at Wichita, Kans., Sept. 1-2, in conjunction with Kansas Dept. Legion Convention and reunion of 353d Inf. Leslie Edmonds, chmn., 114 S. Broadway, Wichita.

90TH DIV.—All former members living in Illinois, interested in forming a state association, address R. W. Anderson, care of Boss Mfg. Co., Kewanee, Ill.

91ST DIV. ASSOC., NO. CALIF. SECTOR—For roster, send names, addresses, news of comrades, to Secy. Albert G. Ross, 624 Market st., San Francisco, Calif.

91ST DIV. ASSOC., WASHINGTON STATE—To complete roster, send names and addresses to Jules E. Markow, 201 County-City bldg., Seattle, Wash.

113TH INF. ASSOC.—To complete roster, send names and addresses to Walter G. Scherrer, adjt., Room 208 City Hall, Newark, N. J.

312TH INF., 78TH DIV.—Reunion dinner and entertainment, Hotel Douglas, Newark, N. J., Sat. night, May 19. Send reservation to John A. Fitzsimmons, secy., 620 High st., Newark.

Those unable to attend, send correct addresses so association's records may be complete.

353n (ALL-KANSAS) INF. SOCIETY—Annual reunion, Wichita, Kans., Sept. 1-2, in conjunction with Kansas Dept. Legion Convention and 89th Div. reunion. Leslie E. Edmonds, chmn., 114 S. Broadway, Wichita.

355TH INF.—Annual reunion, Norfolk, Nebr., Sept. 23-24. Albert P. Schwarz, recording secy., 816 Security Mutual bldg., Lincoln, Nebr.

109TH INF., Co. K—Reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sat. eve, May 5, to celebrate 15th anniversary of return from France. Includes former members of Co. K, 1st and 13th Inf., N. G. P. Maj. Marcus S. DeWolf, 2538 N. 19th st., Philadelphia.

110TH INF., Co. K—Annual reunion, Waynesburg, Pa., Sat., Aug. 11. Ernest O. Clayton Waynesburg.

151ST INF., Co. H—Proposed reunion during summer. Address W. C. Roysse, 431 S. 5th st., Terre Haute, Ind.

325TH INF., Co. L—Reunion, Springfield, Mass., Oct. 27. Obtain copy 1933 Reunion

News from A. W. Silliman, Ardley, N. Y.

52n PIONEER INF.—Reunion of all veterans of regiment, date to be announced. N. J. Brooks, 2 West 45th st., New York City.

11TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Springfield, Mass., Sept. 1-3. R. C. Dickieson, secy.-treas., 4816-47th st., Woodside, N. Y.

51ST F. A. BR. HQ. VETS. ASSOC.—Semi-annual reunion, YD Club, 200 Huntington av., Boston, Mass., Sun., May 20, at noon. Charles V. Clark, adjt., 7 Riverview av., Danvers, Mass.

322D F. A. ASSOC.—Permanent headquarters, Hamilton, Ohio. Reunion, Dayton, Ohio, dates to be announced. L. B. Fritsch, secy., P. O. Box 324, Hamilton.

301ST F. S. BN.—Annual Reunion Dinner. American House, Boston, Mass., May 19. David H. Gorman, secy.-treas., 541 Sea st., Quincy, Mass.

316TH FIELD SIG. BN.—Members may obtain copy of *Wig-Wag*, occasional publication of outfit, by writing to R. Howry, asst. secy., 41-1st st., San Francisco, Calif.

12TH ENGRS.—Reunion in St. Louis, Mo., latter part of June. John J. Barada, secy., 514 Holly Hills av., St. Louis.

VETS. OF THE 13TH ENGRS. (RY.)—5th annual convention, Plankington Hotel, Milwaukee, Wisc., June 23-24. James A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 1216 Cumberland st., Little Rock, Ark.

14TH ENGRS. (LT. RV.) A. E. F.—Send name, address and company to C. E. Scott, 54 College av., Medford, Mass., for copy of monthly newsletter.

34TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, basket picnic, Triangle Park, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 2. Hq. at Gibbons Hotel. George Remple, 1225 Alberta st., Dayton.

107TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—16th annual reunion, Milwaukee, Wisc., Nov. 10. Joe A. Hrdlick, secy., 2209 W. 41st st., Milwaukee.

312TH M. G. BN., 79TH DIV.—Men interested in proposed reunion, write to Harry Webb, 9577-114th st., Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Co. F, 309TH SUPPLY TRN. SOC.—8th annual meeting, Lafayette Hotel, Lexington, Ky., Aug. 11-12. C. C. Ferry, secy., Bardwell, Ky.

TROOP G, 16TH U. S. CAV.—Proposed reunion. Report to Arthur H. (Chick) Chiconi, 2183 Cornell rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

50TH AERO SQDRN.—Men wanting copy of third, edition of Roll Call, write to (Continued on page 64)



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In one of the most vicious, horsing tests of fly rod qualities ever made, Art Carhart tells how he became a convert to the newest development in fine rod-making. "Even the stoutest casting rods would bend to that," he says, "and most would have taken a little 'set.' It should have wrecked a common fly rod ... but the Cunningham Hexi-Super is no common fly rod."

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A Cloverleaf Speaks His Piece

(Continued from page 63)

J. Howard Hill, secy. Hotel Portage, Akron, Ohio. Reunion in Akron, Sept. 1-4.

9TH ANTI-AIRCRAFT BTRY., C. A. C.—Former members interested in reunion, write to W. F. Laumer, 356 McKinley av., Kenmore, N. Y.

801ST (formerly 107TH) AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 1-3. Walker Long, pres., Gas City, Ind., or V. B. Kincaid, secy., Veterans Administration Home, Bath, N. Y.

219TH CO., M. P. C. (Formerly Co. B. 1st Army Hq.)—Proposed reunion. Send names and addresses to J. Ed. Gagnon (Nemo), Derryfield Club, Manchester, N. H.

COAST GUARD VETS.—To contact other veterans and to complete roster, report to N. J. Schank, 3241 N. Ashland av., Chicago, Ill.

MARINES, 49TH CO., 5TH REGT., 2D DIV.—Reunion at Hotel Astor, New York City, June 7-9. For details and for correct roster of 200 veterans of company, address A. L. Geist, 228 Orchard road, Newark, Delaware.

16TH BALLOON CO.—Reunion, Erie, Pa., Aug. 16-18, in conjunction with Pennsylvania Dept. Legion Convention. Ray Rupp, adjt., A. L. Post No. 416, Erie, Pa.

U. S. S. Virginia—Reunion of Crew in Boston, date to be announced. J. J. Tibbetts, 20 Hurlcroft av., Medford, Mass.

U. S. S. C. 62—Proposed reunion. Send names and addresses to Aaron S. Smith, 205 Sewell av., Atlantic City, N. J.

U. S. ARMY AMBULANCE SERV. ASSOC.—15th annual Usac convention, Hotel Jefferson, Atlantic City, N. J., July 12-15. Wilbur P. Hunter, natl. adjt., 3315 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

O. C. Q. M., A. E. F.—To prepare roster, all former members of Office of Chief Q. M., Tours, France, send names, addresses and self-addressed, stamped envelopes to Ex-Sgt. Kenneth N. Rinker, 413 W. First st., Greensburg, Ind.

DEPT. OF PENNSYLVANIA, A. L., will hold its convention in Erie, Pa., Aug. 16-18. All veterans outfits, especially 28th, 79th and 80th Divisions and other Pa. units, are invited to hold reunions at that time and place. Allan H. MacLean, chmn., reunions comm., 713 Plum st., Erie.

26TH INF., Co. G, 1st Div.—Pvt. VIRDUNE and Frank MEDLEY and others who recall injury to head, gassing, rheumatism and bullet wound suffered by Pvt. Richard S. BLACKBURN in various actions including Montsec, Cantigny and Soissons, and while with spec. training bn., at Langres.

12TH M. G. BN., Co. A, 4TH DIV.—1st Lt. Claude L. CRIDER, formerly of New York City, to assist Arlie BRANAM.

HOSP., FT. WILLIAMS, MAINE—Maj. H. OWEN, Post Adjt., Capt. PERRY, Sgt. HOGSETT and others between Sept. 1 and Dec. 31, 1918, who recall Gould J. BROWN, chaplain, as patient.

18TH H. F. A., BTRY. B—Men of crew of No. 2 gun who recall Julian L. BROWN being thrown back by nearby explosion of shell in Argonne, while he was carrying ammunition to gun position.

Hq. DET., A. S. C.—Sgt. BLUE who recalls illness of George W. BUCKMASTER and who sent latter to infirmary at Tours, France, spring of 1919.

U. S. N. AVIATION CENTER, PAULLAC, FRANCE—Capt. EVANS, C. O., July-Sept., 1918, Dr. BANKS, med. officer, and Capt. BOLAND, guardian of Roy E. CENTER (minor at time) at Trygiere, who recall back and foot injury suffered by CENTER, July, 1918, when he was run over by fire truck and spent three weeks in sick bay.

GREAT LAKES NAV. TRNG. STA.—Men who bunked near Wilson D. DOBYNS, last in row in extreme east section, north side of barracks No. 1822, Camp Paul Jones, 13th Regt., Oct-Dec., 1918.

BASE HOSP. No. 99, HYERES, FRANCE—Man by name of ANDERSON (from Wisconsin) in De Albion Hotel, Jan. 1-10, 1919, to assist George H. ELERHOFF.

U. S. S. Michigan—Shipmates of 2d Div. who recall

Harold John FAIRFIELD, seaman, 2d class, falling on hatchway while scrubbing deck, fracturing coccyx or spine, Nov. 8, 1918.

3d BN., CHEM. WARFARE SERV., EDGEWOOD ARSENAL, MD., and Ft. SCRIVEN, GA.—Maurice STEINBURG (formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y.), Harry BOYLE, Harry ROSELLE and others who recall boxing matches in which Cpl. Sam HASS, lightweight, engaged between Feb. and Apr., 1918.

SPEC. TRNG. CO., O. T. C., M. G. TRNG. CENTER, CAMP HANCOCK, GA.—Sgt. JOHN H. WAMSHER (Indiana) and all others who recall Silas C. HANSEN colliding with another man in relay race during British physical drill, Sept.-Dec., 1918.

MED. CORPS., NAPOLEON CAMP, BREST, FRANCE—Med. Sgt. who recalls treating Walter KLOEPPER, 108th ENTS. Trn., for catarrh, May, 1918. KLOEPPER reported at med. station directly opposite one where his outfit should have answered sick call.

514TH ENGRS., Co. C, A. E. F.—Robert HARVEY WHITE, former captain and commanding officer of company, to assist V. R. LEDFORD with claim.

79TH CO., 6TH REGT., MARINES—Carl Frederick MANN, Robert S. BICKEL, Daniel KRAF and others who recall Jacob E. LONES being gassed several times during Oct. and Nov., 1918, and being injured by shell night of Nov. 10, 1918, while trying to cross Meuse River.

35TH INF., Co. H—Former comrades who recall John P. NALTY being stricken with flu in St. Mihiel sector, Sept. 15, 1918, and severely gassed in action in vicinity of Bantheville, Oct. 27, 1918.

357TH INF., Co. A—1st Lt. LLOYD MITCHELL, Sgt. Gusie H. DAVIDSON and others to assist Ludwig OLSEN.

BASE HOSP. No. 76, VICHY, FRANCE—Claude or Claudie MULLINS (Mass.) of Marine Corps, and a man named ZIMMERMAN of 77th Div., New York, who recall David OWEN, Co. F, 26th Inf., 1st Div., as fellow patient with tuberculosis in this hospital.

101ST AERO SQDRN.—Lt. WALDON (formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y.), Dr. LAUGHLIN of 3d A. I. C., France, and others who recall disability during service of Charles Edward SHAVER, chauffeur, now totally disabled.

ENGRS., LA BAULE, FRANCE—2d Lt. R. SMITH, ENGRS., and others who recall accident and injuries to Merrill D. SHUE, mechanic in Car No. 3 in automobile races, June 1, 1919.

120TH P. W. E., TOURS, FRANCE—Comrades, including Vincent A. EDUKAITIS (Cleveland), Ernest ROBERTS (Detroit), 1st Sgt. Harry M. FELL, man named DANIELS, and old Reg. Army man from Pennsylvania who recall influenza and bronchial trouble suffered by Howard A. WILBANKS during Nov. and Dec., 1918. Also corporal who had O. D. relieve WILBANKS from guard duty when latter lost voice. Also man who got mentholatum for him at the post canteen.

128TH INF., Co. B, 32D DIV.—Hebry PERRY, Charles MURPHY, Robert E. SMITH and others who recall ear disability suffered by Erna WOOLARD in Meuse-Argonne.

SPEAR, Louis Franklin, former Sgt., Co. A, 301st F. S. Bn. Was located in San Francisco and Tracy, Calif. Last heard from in Los Angeles, fall of 1933. Missing.

S. P. BATTERY, FORT DELA BONNELLE, VITREY and LANGRES, FRANCE—1st Sgt. VBRAG, Lt. LANDEVILT and other members of Trench Mortars, A. E. F., to assist Albert D. EVANS.

STRAEHLA, Charles, served as 2d Lt., U. S. A. Married, 1917, to Virginia M. MURDOCK of Virginia, who served in U. S. Navy, 1918-1920. Five children were born. Mrs. STRAEHLA now critically ill in veterans' hospital, Otten, N. C. Children destitute. STRAEHLA disappeared in 1928 and his mother and family have not heard from him past two years.

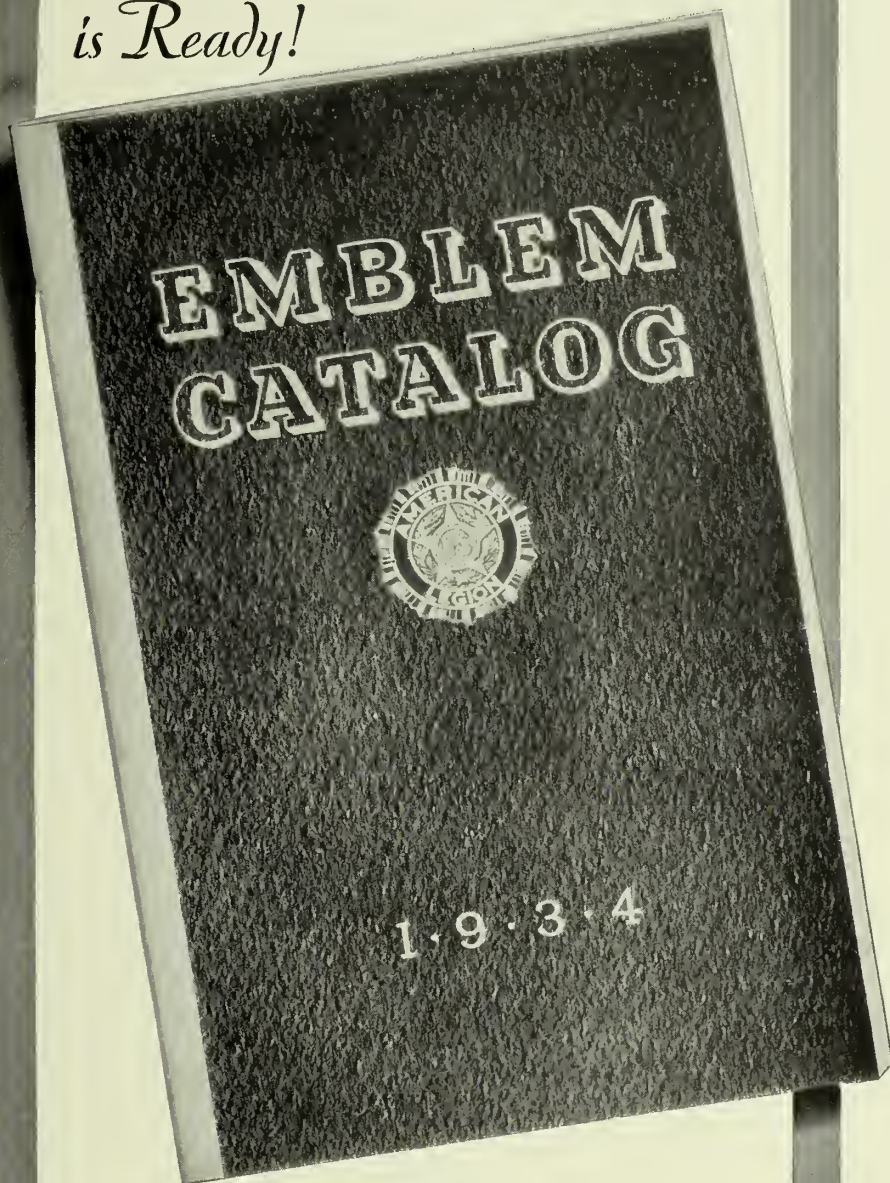
322D INF., Co. D, 81ST DIV.—1st Lt. COSBAY, Bone or BOAN, Sgt., and Charles BOYLAN, Pvt., who should recall Eric LEBLANC suffering two broken ribs while boxing with Boylan at Laigues, France, about Apr., 1919. Was treated at infirmary.

SADDLER, Garland Owep (or Garnet O.) Served with 21st Aero Sqdrn. Last known address, Kelly Field, Tex., where he received head injury from plane propeller. Missing. Information wanted by 15-year-old daughter who has never seen her father. The mother died five years ago.

MURRAY, Ted. Served with 7th F. A. Was in Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C., in 1917. Tall, slender, blue eyes, quiet manner. Last heard from in Los Angeles, Calif., 1921. Small daughter needs his care and protection.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

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